The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1894.

The Week.

Ex-Speaker Reed's significant failure in his campaign speeches to endorse the demand of the McKinleyites for a restoration of the high tariff had prepared the public for his interview at Ann Arbor last week, in which he declared that "it would not necessarily follow that the return of the Republican party to power in 1896 would mean the reënactment of the McKinley law," and that he did not think the party would make that an issue, as conditions had changed materially in the last few years, and there was room for many modifications. Mr. Reed even went a step further, and admitted that the rates in the McKinley law were marked up higher than he expected when he appointed the committee on ways and means. In taking this position the ex-Speaker only anticipates the mass of his party. It is clear enough to any careful observer that there never was any popular demand for so extreme a measure as McKinley framed, and that no party could now do a more unpopular thing than to pledge itself to a restoration of a policy which the people rejected so emphatically in 1890 and again in 1892. McKinley, of course, tries desperately hard to hold on to the old issue, for it is all he has to offer as a candidate for the next Presidential nomination of his party; but he will find himself more and more lonesome.

McKinley, Harrison, and Reed evade all discussion of the income tax in their speeches, and even the Republicans of Massachusetts dodged the question in their platform. But Senator Hoar has at last broken the silence of Republican orators on this issue, and in a recent speech summed up forcibly the objections to the policy. He declared his conviction that it was never intended by the framers of the Constitution that resort should be had to such a tax except in cases of dire extremity, as during the civil war, and pronounced it impossible to adjust from Washington a single policy applicable to the different conditions in different parts of the Union. He pointed out one serious objection to the present measure, in the fact that it puts an equal burden upon the man without property whose income is derived from his labor, and the man who possesses property which has come to him by inheritance; and he cited other weaknesses and defects in the law. But the most significant thing about this deliverance is the fact that it is the first to come from any Republican of prominence. As a rule, the Republican politicians evidently doubt whether it is good policy to say a word against the income tax.

Mr. Wheeler's letter accepting the nomination of the Democratic reform organization for Governor knocks the wind out of Mr. Hill as a party man by showing that his course in the Senate has been uniformly and bitterly hostile to the Administration personally, and to the policy adopted by the Democratic platform as carried out by the party in Congress. There is no other man in the party against whom such an indictment would lie. Hill is the only man in the whole country who would have the audacity to go to Congress, work and vote against his party through the whole session, and then come home and claim to be *par excellence* the representative and jewel of the party. Mr. Wheeler properly places these facts at the beginning of his letter, and shows among other things that the tariff bill was at one time saved only by the casting vote of the Vice-President. It is perhaps well for the party that Hill was absent at that crisis, because if present he would have voted with the enemies of the measure. It should be borne in mind that Hill was absolutely the sole Democratic member of the Senate who voted against the bill on its final passage, and yet he has the cheek to go through the State now telling the farmers that they will find their condition much bettered when the new tariff gets fairly in operation. This is probably true, but the question recurs, "*Why, then, did you vote against it?*"

It is an act of doubtful friendliness to Senator Hill to publish the account which the *Sun* did on Monday of his efforts to get Maynard to decline to run for the Court of Appeals last year. According to this account, Hill wrote to Maynard a letter sixteen pages long, on the eve of last year's Democratic State convention, advising him to step aside in the interest of the party because of the drift of public sentiment against him. Maynard declined to follow this advice. Now, it seems, Mr. Hill is trying to wash his hands of all responsibility for Maynard's candidacy, and has asked Maynard to make public his letter of last year. It is not, however, Maynard's candidacy that is weighing upon Hill in this campaign, but Hill's complicity with Maynard in the theft of election returns. Judge Cullen put the two together in his decision of February 10, 1892, when he said that the legal returns were not before the Board of State Canvassers, "because, by the action of the secretary of state [Frank Rice], the Governor [Hill], and the counsel of the comptroller [Maynard], the returns had been taken from the several public offices where they had been properly received."

Hill's effort to rid himself of the burden of Maynard's reputation by showing that he was opposed to his candidacy, emphasizes the justness of Mr. Fairchild's recent remark about Hill's "cruel meanness" in casting aside "like shotten herring" the men whom he has used and ruined while he himself "strides on clad in the white garment of Democracy." It is a matter susceptible of proof that Hill was the author and instigator of all that Maynard did which brought about his ruin. Hill set up the conspiracy to "doctor" the returns in several close senatorial districts; Hill removed two county clerks who refused to be parties to the frauds of the canvassing boards; Hill covered with personal abuse a Supreme Court judge who gave decisions against his fraudulent devices, and assigned a judge from New York city to sit in Special Session in the offending judge's district in the hope of having those decisions reversed, whereas they were sustained; Hill was at the meeting of State officials in Albany which decided upon the plan by which the illegal return from Dutchess County should be canvassed by the Board of State Canvassers, and when Maynard sat at the meeting of the board and kept silence when the returns which he and Hill and Rice had stolen were asked for, he was acting under Hill's orders. That, after all this, Maynard should decline to act the part of "shotten herring" is not strange.

Mr. Straus's withdrawal as the Tammany candidate for mayor was officially announced on Thursday. The most singular feature in the case is that the Tammany men have seemed to be perfectly indifferent as to whether he retired or not. This would be true with regard to any other candidate. They evidently have not much hope of electing anybody to the mayoralty. The question of candidates is therefore a question of no importance to them. But their attitude in this matter is one of great importance to the public, and as such we call the attention of the voters to it once more. They feel, as every voter ought to feel, that the mayoralty is not in this contest the important office; the governorship is. The Tammany men know, and are no longer concealing it, that a reform mayor will have no terrors for them unless he is backed up by a reform Governor. It is for this reason that they and Hill have no objection whatever to the Grace device of putting his name on their Strong ticket. If they can elect Hill Governor, no change of any moment to them can take place in this city. They would retain nearly all their offices throughout Mr. Strong's term. They are solidly intrenched against him or any reform mayor everywhere, except in the Excise Department. This makes the putting of Hill on the reform ticket a little ridiculous; but let that pass. Our object now is to impress on the voters

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the fact that Tammany is right in regarding the governorship as the critical point in the fight, and that any one who votes for Hill in any sort of combination practically votes against Strong.

The substitution of Grant for Straus is the substitution of a man who is popular with the Tammany masses for a man who is not. It does not change the situation in the least. The regular Tammany voter is not much affected by the character of the candidate, though there may be somewhat of a revolt this year on account of the police exposures. As far as the outside world was concerned, Straus was a better candidate than Grant, inasmuch as he had no record except as a park commissioner, whereas people have had four years' experience of Grant in the mayoralty. It was he who began the process of handing the city offices over to the thugs and thieves who now fill them; and he carried it on steadily during his two terms. As fast as the offices fell vacant he filled them with criminals and semi-criminals, in the usual Tammany style. Gilroy has only carried Grant's processes a few steps further. It has been reported that Grant refused to appoint Scannell, the murderer, to the Fire Department, which may be true; but if so, this was the only Tammany atrocity from which he recoiled. In fact, it may be said that Grant was the first to display that open contempt for the opinion of the moral and religious public, in the choice of public officers, which has finally brought Tammany to its present straits. Up to his time, mayors had always had a general regard for decency in this matter. Grant showed at once that he had none. In truth, his own success in getting into the mayoralty furnished some excuse for his course. Tammany had never before ventured to put up a candidate of his kind—a young "sport" of unknown occupation and liquor-dealing antecedents. He is said to have accepted the present nomination very reluctantly, but the voters can, and we believe will, now effectually close his political career.

The unanimity and vigor with which the press of the city, without a reputable exception, exposes the real character of "Hughey" Grant and his candidacy must be a cause of dismay in Tammany Hall. Nothing like it has been seen in the city since the last days of the Tweed ring. It means, of course, that public sentiment against Tammany is so overpowering that it is carrying everything before it. The true nature of Tammany rule has been so clearly revealed that few persons with any pretence to character care to be associated with it, or to be making excuses for it. The efforts of Mr. Grant to tone down appearances somewhat by forcing Wissig, "Silver Dollar" Smith, and "Paddy" Divver into temporary retirement, excite only ridicule. The charge against Wissig is that he is "foul-mouthed," but in that he is no exception among Tammany men. No respectable person could remain where a body of Wigwam men were assembled discussing political or other questions. Their language is habitually indecent, for it is the language of the bar-room and the gutter. Why should Wissig go and "Dry Dollar" Sullivan be spared? In what respect is Divver worse than "Barney" Martin or "Tom" Grady? Does anybody suppose that in the free intercourse of Tammany society the language of these men is any less "foul" than Wissig's? Is the habitual, unrestrained language of "Hughey" Grant any more refined? Everybody who has heard Tammany heroes of the highest rank talk, knows that whenever they seek to be vigorous they are always blasphemous and filthy.

Apropos of the recent discharge of 800 men from confinement on Blackwell's Island, which Mr. Goff discovered the other day, certain testimony forming a part of the Fassett committee's investigation of 1890 becomes important. The counsel of the committee, Mr. Ivins, was interrogating Mr. H. H. Porter, president of the Board of Public Charities and Correction, and he had ascertained from the witness that the law authorized the granting of discharges to certain prisoners by the concurrent action of the committing magistrate and the commissioners, but that in practice the commissioners never took any pains to examine cases, but always granted the discharge on the certificate of the magistrate. Then these questions and answers followed:

"Q. I find, by going over such statistics as I have, that the discharges are usually 100 per cent. more in the month of October than they are in any other month in the year. A. *I guess you and I understand that.*

"Q. We understand it, but I want the committee to understand it. Why is it, Mr. Porter? A. Well, I don't know; they discharge them.

"Q. The police justices discharge them? A. Yes, sir. . . . When these men say, 'Commissioner, won't you let me out?' I say, 'What for?' They say, 'Well, I want to vote; I want to register.' . . .

"Q. In other words, to help elect officers to make appropriations to support them in future on the island? A. *Unfortunately, that, I suppose, is the basis.*"

There are so many grotesque features of what passes for government in New York coming out every day that this one may perhaps seem to be of little consequence, but it harmonizes well with the green-goods business, the blackmailing, clubbing, and bar-room brawls.

The fight between "Paddy" Divver and Tekulsky on Thursday owes its importance to the fact that it was a conflict between a Magistrate and a Jurist. "Paddy" is, as we know, a judicial officer, and Tekulsky served as a Tammany member in the Constitutional Convention. Tekulsky is, therefore, a jurist—a Tammany liquor-jurist, it is true, but still a jurist. Fisticuffs between Magistrates and Jurists have been rare in history, which makes this one an interesting phenomenon. The accounts of the origin of the quarrel, as in all such cases, are confused. The Magistrate maintains a dignified silence, and the Jurist's story is doubtless colored by prejudice and passion. Charges of cheating seem to have been freely exchanged, and finally the Jurist hit the Magistrate on the nose and drew his judicial blood, besides tearing his clothes. Recorder Smyth will have the deepest sympathy of the community over this unfortunate occurrence. That a man whom he has known so long and has esteemed so highly as Divver, should, while occupying a high judicial position, have been hit on the nose by another Jurist belonging to the same "organization," might well depress a man of sensibilities much less fine than the recorder's. Moreover, as we do not yet know how many friends like Paddy the recorder may have in different departments of the city service, we can well imagine his looking in the papers every morning with bated breath to see what calamities have overtaken the others. When they hit each other, or when they are called before the Lexow committee, he must experience a painful sense of the awful uncertainties of Tammany life.

At their recent session the California State Grange spent a day in discussion of the "Lubin scheme." This scheme proposes to have the Government pay at least a part of the cost of transporting staple farm products to market. It has been pushed with tireless energy, and seems to suit many farmers. The Grange adopted, as an entering wedge, a resolution demanding "protection for American staples," and "that this be done by the Government paying a percentage of the cost of sea-transportation to foreign ports." This proposition now goes to the National Grange, and it would not be surprising to see it adopted there. The history of this first Lubin plank in California is as follows: It was rejected by the Populists last May; it was accepted in full by the Republican convention last June; it was rejected by the Democratic convention in August. The Lubinites then began a "campaign of education" among the granges and farmers' alliances, and here they carried everything with a rush. The strength of Lubinism is in the claim that it is a legitimate and necessary extension of Republican protection doctrines. Its acceptance by the Republican State convention is well worth the attention of some future historian of the rise and fall of the high-protection idea in America. In California, where there are almost no manufacturers, and where the whole community has been very heavily taxed by McKinleyism, this sort of notion is made a party issue in hope of obtaining the farmer vote.

Train robbery has become so frequent that no one would be particularly sur-

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prised to read any day in the newspapers of a "hold-up" between New York and Albany. The recent robbery at Quantico, Va., was within a few miles of Alexandria. Every railroad in the country has some lonely spots, and it does not make much difference whether they are in a thickly settled country or not. Robbers can hide as easily in New York city as in the sage-brush country beyond the Rocky Mountains, perhaps more so. Something must be done to deliver society from this pest, but what to do is not so clear. Perhaps more than one measure is necessary. It has been proposed that Congress should pass an amendment to the interstate-commerce act putting these cases under the jurisdiction of the federal courts. We see no objection to that if it can be shown that the federal courts would be more efficient in dealing with the cases. Another proposal is that the express companies should carry heavier safes, or safes that cannot be opened except by the station agents, or that they should carry money only on day trains. The latter plan is not feasible on long routes. The delay would be more costly to the public than the extra expense of guards. Whatever this extra expense may be, the public must pay it in extra charges for carriage. One thing is certain: there must be better enforcement of law all around. The form of disease called Coxeyism, which had such a run last spring, and which took the form of seizing railroad trains and levying contributions on towns through which the "commonwealers" passed, was almost certain to develop into train robbery if allowed to pass unchecked. The commonwealers came to consider themselves a superior class of citizens who had somehow lost their right to three meals a day and their beer and tobacco. If the States through which they passed had enforced the vagrant laws against them and put them to work at Coxey's favorite enterprise of making good roads, the number of train-robbers would now be smaller than it is.

Ohio has been so severely and so justly criticised in the past for the brutality shown to negro criminals that a change for the better should not go without recognition. There have been two or three cases within as many years where colored men accused of serious offences were taken from the authorities and lynched by mobs of "respectable" white citizens, and each time Gov. McKinley has weakly lamented that he could do nothing about it. In one case a serious attempt was made by the judicial department of the Government to secure punishment of the lynchers, but public sentiment did not sustain the courts and nothing came of the proceedings. It had thus begun to look as though any negro charged with a serious crime was liable to be hanged off-hand by a mob in a State which has long been conspicuous for the severity of its lectures to the South on the evils of lynch law. But the prompt calling out of the military in the case where the usual treatment of a colored offender was threatened at Washington Courthouse last week, and the killing of three of the mob by the troops, indicate that Ohioans at last realize the discredit which has been brought upon their commonwealth, and are resolved to restore the reign of law. The whole North has suffered from the practice of condoning lynching in that State, and will welcome the evidence that there is to be a reform.

The Iowa Republicans already find that they are profiting by their action last winter in virtually abandoning prohibition and substituting a local-option and saloon-taxing system. There is a large German element in the State, most of which was drawn into the Republican party on the slavery issue and retained by the stand of that organization towards the financial issues which followed the war. But when the party took up prohibition, a great proportion of the German Republicans deserted it, and this class of voters was doubtless large enough to more than make the small majorities by which a Democrat was twice elected Governor. Now that prohibition has been dropped, these Germans feel at liberty to return to their old party. The Democrats might have kept them if the party had behaved better in State as well as in national affairs, but, as it is, the bonds are easily severed. One German newspaper which has long been Democratic recently announced its support of the Republicans, and the tide which sets in that direction everywhere by virtue of general causes will be swollen in Iowa by the removal of the prohibition issue.

The Massachusetts Supreme Court last week sustained the constitutionality of a law passed by a recent Legislature which imposes a tax of 5 per cent. upon collateral legacies and successions in all cases where the estate, after the payment of debts, reaches $10,000. Two questions were raised in the discussion—one, whether the privilege of transmitting and receiving property by will is a "commodity" within the meaning of the State Constitution, which authorizes the Legislature to levy an excise in such cases; and the other, whether the proposed tax is "reasonable." All seven of the justices sat upon the case, and six of them decide both points in the affirmative, holding emphatically that the tax is within the power of the Legislature, that it is not oppressive in amount, and that the exemption of estates below $10,000 in value is not unreasonable. New York, Pennsylvania, and several other States have similar laws, and the tendency towards utilizing a method of raising money by taxation which is so easily enforced seems to be growing throughout the country. Indeed, the income-tax provisions of the new tariff law expressly specify "money and the value of all personal property acquired by gift or inheritance" as subject to the tax.

In a paper read at Baltimore by Mr. James G. Cannon, of the Fourth National Bank of this city, upon bank accounts, an attempt was made to find a way by which the profitableness of a depositor's account may be determined arithmetically by each bank. The principle is not difficult. It is found by a series of experiments that the average life of a country check deposited for collection is six days, and the actual cost of collection ⅛ of 1 per cent. Mr. Cannon had an elaborate statement prepared showing the length of time each country check is out, and the cost. The average amount of these country checks is deducted from the apparent balance on hand for each depositor. Then 25 per cent. is deducted, being the amount retained as reserve under the national-bank act. Next it is assumed that the bank has had carefully prepared by its discount department an analysis of its loans and discounts and the different rates which they are earning, by which the average rate on all the loanable funds may be determined. The depositor is to be credited with the interest earned on his average balance as just ascertained. Then the percentage of expenses to gross earnings is easily figured out; as the gross profit on the depositor's account has already been calculated, the proper proportion of expense with which it should be debited should now be deducted. The difference will show the net profit earned by the bank on each deposit account.

Mr. Cannon mentions some surprising results ascertained by this method. A large country bank kept for four months an average daily balance of $101,000. The amount of the out-of-town checks deposited was $1,340,035; interest to the amount of $665.99 was allowed. During this time the actual loanable funds amounted to only $45,936, which yielded an income of but $765.62. The sum of the whole matter was a gross profit to the bank of $9.40, from which to pay the cost of clerical force and the incidental expenses necessary to handle so many checks, as well as compensation for the bank's guarantee. Another concern had a gross average daily balance of over $30,000 in the bank for a year, which would apparently be a profitable account, but in reality, owing to a large number of out-of-town checks which required from four to six days for collection, the account showed large overdrafts each month. The books indeed showed a nominal balance, but the firm drew their money before the bank had time to receive the funds from the checks deposited. Such investigations into details as this are to be commended even if subject to correction.

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THE TEST OF EXPERIENCE.

THE Democratic Congress during the extra session beginning in August, 1893, and the regular session opening in December, passed three measures of the first importance—measures which constitute landmarks in legislation. The first was the repeal of the Sherman silver-purchase act; the second, the removal from the statute-book of the federal-election laws; and the third, the passage of a tariff bill which, despite all its faults, goes so far in putting raw materials on the free list and reducing duties on other articles as to constitute a new departure.

The test of experience is now being applied to each of these measures. There was long and hot discussion as to the effect of repealing the Sherman act. A year has passed since the step was taken, and the country has had abundant opportunity to make up its mind as to the result. The benefits are so clear and unmistakable that the silver craze which led to the passage of the Sherman act has sensibly diminished, and the danger of free coinage, towards which this act was proclaimed by its friends as being "a long yet prudent step," has now disappeared. Experience has already vindicated this feature of Democratic policy.

The repeal of the federal-election laws involved a point of fundamental difference between the two parties. Those laws had been originally passed by the Republicans, against the opposition of the Democrats, as a feature of the reconstruction policy toward the South; and the Harrison Administration urged more extreme legislation in the same sectional direction as an embodiment of Republican ideas. The Democrats condemned the principle of such legislation as utterly wrong, and made its repeal one of their first achievements after securing control of all branches of the Government.

The political campaign of the present year has sufficed to justify the wisdom of Democratic policy in this matter. The opponents of federal-election laws always claimed that the repeal of this legislation would be a long step in the direction of better elections at the South; that, once relieved from the annoying complications incident to outside interference in the matter, public sentiment in that part of the country would demand fair play so emphatically as to compel honest elections and to cause a normal division among voters, instead of the old and mischievous color line; in short, that the surest way to obtain in the South such political methods as prevail in the North was to put the South on an equality with the North, and turn over the responsibility everywhere to the people.

The elections already held in Southern States this year, and the campaigns now in progress there, have fully vindicated these claims. Never has there been so close an approach to "a free ballot and a fair count." Never have there been such earnest demands from leading newspapers and representative citizens that whatever cheating in elections still prevails must be suppressed. Never have the negroes voted so freely and found their ballots so much sought for by factions among the whites. Never has there been so marked a division of opinion among the whites, and so great a readiness to disregard the old race line as unnecessary, now that hostile legislation has been abolished. Candid Republican newspapers at the North are already admitting that political conditions at the South are now healthier than at any previous time since the negroes were enfranchised, and that the repeal of the federal-election laws has contributed powerfully to this improvement. The shrewd framers of Republican platforms have dropped the old sectional issue as a matter which is settled. Experience has already vindicated this feature of Democratic policy also.

The question of high tariff or low tariff, like the sectional issue, has been fought over by the two parties for many years. Prosperity and ruin were predicted as the consequences of the proposed change by its advocates and opponents. Each party professed itself willing to abide by the test of experience. A small element among the Democrats long delayed all action towards redeeming party pledges, and finally prevented the passage of a symmetrical measure; but, notwithstanding all obstacles, what is essentially a low-tariff bill at last became a law. So long did the "conservatives" in the Senate postpone final action that only about two months will elapse between the time when the law went upon the statute-book and election day. Even this brief period, however, will have been long enough to afford conclusive indications of the manner in which the law will work. There is already an evident improvement in the industrial situation. Mills which have been closed are opening. Manufactories which have been working on short time are returning to full hours. McKinley, in his repetition of his "calamity wail," has to look sharp, or he may find, as at Ionia, Mich., last week, that a banner hangs before him announcing that "our factories are running twelve hours a day as a result of the Wilson bill." The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad expresses the opinion that the improvement already observed in manufacturing is sure to extend gradually but steadily to all other departments of business. A more hopeful feeling pervades the whole community, and the prophets of ruin are becoming bores on whom busy people cannot afford to waste their time. Experience promises to vindicate this feature of Democratic policy as abundantly as in the case of the other two.

Impatience with Democratic follies and weaknesses has blinded the country to a sense of the real services which a Democratic Administration has rendered. The repeal of the silver-purchase act, the removal from the statute-book of the federal-election laws, and the passage of a low-tariff measure for the first time in forty years, are great achievements. Each and all are acts which can stand that crucial test of legislation—the test of experience. With a record containing so much of good, it is inconceivably stupid that the Democrats should put up a ticket in the most important State of the Union which seems especially contrived to drive away from the party the independent voters who hold the balance of power.

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC MORALITY.

AMONG the curious consequences which the political situation in this State has produced, none is more curious than the disposition which has been shown in certain quarters to make a distinction between Hill's personal and political character in the matter of honesty. Several gentlemen with a fair reputation for acuteness have made express reservations as to his "personal integrity," while passing the severest condemnation on his conduct as a politician. They have, in fact, propounded, as if it were a generally accepted commonplace, the theory that a man may be a notorious rogue in his dealings with public affairs while remaining quite virtuous in his attitude towards money. Several gentlemen of eminence have given us to understand that Hill, though a very tricky and dishonest politician, is really an upright man. If this were possible, it would be a terrible thing for the state, and in fact for human society. No social organization could long resist the unchecked political rascality of its "best people"; for if men could be political rascals without damage to their private reputations, there would soon be very few patriots left among us.

But it is not possible. There is no foundation for this theory either in our experience of human nature or in the history of civilized states. Man is not so constituted that he can be untruthful and unscrupulous in dealing with one set of facts or one department of conduct, and faithful, just, and true with regard to another. Human character is one. It is not cut up into departments, in some of which conscience has jurisdiction, and in others self-interest only. *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*, is a maxim founded on long observation of the race. There may be certain wickednesses of which even the wickedest man would not be guilty, to which, for some reason or another, he is not tempted, but it is not open to any one to say he is sure not to commit them. The probability on which the world has to rely in dealing with him is, that he will commit them. Hungry Joe might be cashier of a bank for twenty years without robbing it, but the directors who employed him would be considered insane. If they said, "Oh, he has never robbed a bank; he only robs farmers," they would be laughed at. In fact, reputation rests on human belief in the unity of charac-

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ter. No one in the ordinary affairs of life trusts people who are partially honest—that is, honest about some things and knavish about others. It is only in politics that one hears of this curious distinction.

The way to judge a man is to observe how he behaves in the presence of anything which he strongly desires—it makes no difference what it is. His methods in getting hold of one thing are sure to be his methods when he turns his attention to something else. Nearly all the great political knaves of history whose doings have been exposed, have been as weak about money, if they were needy, as about other things; which is quite natural, money being the most prominent object of human desire and the cause of nearly all crime. When Hill found he needed $30,000, he did not hesitate a moment about getting some of it out of contractors in the public service. The sole reason, in fact, for supposing that any man who is politically corrupt does not steal public money is that it is very difficult to find him out. A man's jobbing about offices has to be more or less public, but his pecuniary thefts are in their nature secret or easily covered up.

Nearly three hundred citizens of the best standing and of various callings have signed a solemn declaration that they believe Hill to have been guilty, on divers occasions, of "fraudulent" and "dishonest" practices, of having robbed ("looted") municipalities, of having defied the laws of the State and the mandates of the courts, of having "outraged common decency," and of having used the appointing power to put disreputable persons in public office as a reward for disreputable services. The description they give of him, in fact, connotes lying, concealment, deception, lawbreaking, and the use of the public money to reward criminals or semi-criminals. Whether he has ever pocketed public money himself unlawfully, they do not know, but the account they give of him, if true, warrants the belief that he would pocket it if he got a chance of doing so without exposing himself to punishment, or that he has done so if the temptation has ever come in his way. The only good thing they can consistently aver of him now is that he has not been found out. And let us add here that the distinction between appointing to office and keeping in office a man who, you know, will steal, and stealing yourself, is too futile for serious examination.

Hill is, in fact, according to both friends and foes, the worst man any political party in America has ever offered for popular suffrage. If bad men have been previously set up, their supporters have at least had the grace to deny their badness. In his case the charges against him are admitted by the men who are going to vote for him. This is a new and startling departure in American politics, and its prompt repression is the solemn duty not only of Republicans or Democrats, but of good and patriotic men of all parties. The fiction that David B. Hill has kept pure and good while Governor and Senator Hill were misbehaving, is too thin to impose on anybody. It was remarked to the German prince bishop who defended his atrocities on the ground that he committed them as a prince and not as a bishop—"When the devil gets hold of the prince, what will become of the bishop?" So also we may ask, What will become of the upright David when the cheating and lying Senator and Governor are getting their due?

MR. MORTON'S COACHMAN.

For the first time, unless we are greatly mistaken, since the writ of habeas corpus was introduced into Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, a judge last week in this city found that a man brought before him under it was unlawfully deprived of his liberty, and yet remanded him to the custody of his captor. The writ of habeas corpus, it must be remembered, is not intended to enable the court simply to inquire whether the prisoner likes to be in jail, or whether he would like to get out, or how he came to get into jail. Its object is and always has been to enable him to regain his liberty, if he has been illegally deprived of it; and if a court finds that he has been illegally deprived of it, it has always been held to be its duty to discharge him. But Howard, Mr. Morton's coachman, was brought before Judge Lacombe last week on a writ of habeas corpus, and showed that although he was detained under the contract-labor act, it really did not affect him, because it specially excepts "domestic servants," and there was no dispute about his being a domestic servant. His captors hunted him up in his employer's house, found him engaged in the duties of a domestic servant, and, we believe, although they have had the poor man in custody two or three weeks, have never denied that he was a domestic servant. Moreover, when brought before Judge Lacombe, the judge found that he *was* a domestic servant, and therefore the contract-labor act did not affect him in any way. It was, as regards him, as if it had never been passed. He was no more affected by it than Mr. Morton, or any native-born citizen. Why, then, did not the judge discharge him? The answer to this question reveals an extraordinary state of things.

The contract-labor act empowers the secretary of the treasury to seize and deport, at any time within one year after their arrival, all immigrants who may have come into the country in violation of the law; that is, who may have come over under contracts made on the other side of the water. The object of the act is to prevent the importation of the swarm of "Huns" and other half-savage peasantry from eastern Europe, whom the protected manufacturers and miners had got into the way of bringing over to avoid paying American laborers the high wages provided for in the tariff. We may add that we think it is good policy for the United States to shut their doors, as a rule, to all people who cannot pay their own way. But, in the interest of civilization itself, exceptions have been, and ought to be, made. To exclude artists, teachers, musicians, clergymen, lecturers, and domestic servants, or any class of persons who are likely to contribute to the culture of the country, or the ease and commodity of family life, would be simple barbarism. Domestic servants in particular come over in great numbers every year, and supply one of the greatest wants of American life. "Domestic servants" are accordingly specifically exempted by the act, and the Supreme Court, interpreting the act broadly, has concluded that Congress meant to except other classes also. So far all is well.

But Congress left the execution of the act to the secretary of the treasury. It gave him the power to seize and deport aliens whom he should consider to have violated the law in their coming to this country, at any time within one year after their arrival. "But, of course," the foreign observer would remark, "he must exercise those powers in subjection to the courts, like all other executive officers in Anglo-Saxon countries. If he abuses his powers, or goes beyond the law, the courts will discharge his victims on a habeas corpus, and they will have their remedy in an action for damages." Nothing of the kind; the Supreme Court has decided, in a judgment (Nishimura Ekiu agt. the United States, 142 U. S., 660) which may well stand beside the legal-tender decision, as follows:

> "An alien immigrant prevented from landing by any such officer, claiming authority to do so under an act of Congress, and thereby restrained of his liberty, is doubtless entitled to a writ of habeas corpus to ascertain whether the restraint is lawful. And Congress may, if it sees fit, authorize the courts to investigate and ascertain the facts on which the right to land depends. But, on the other hand, the final determination of those facts may be intrusted by Congress to executive officers; and in such a case, as in all others in which a statute gives a discretionary power to an officer, to be exercised by him upon his own opinion of certain facts, he is made the sole and exclusive judge of the existence of those facts; and no other tribunal, unless expressly authorized by law to do so, is at liberty to reexamine or controvert the sufficiency of the evidence on which he acted. It is not within the province of the judiciary to order that foreigners who have never been naturalized or acquired any domicile or residence within the United States, nor ever been admitted into the country pursuant to law, shall be permitted to enter in opposition to the constitutional and lawful measures of the legislative and executive branches of the national Government. As to such persons, the decisions of executive or administrative officers acting within powers expressly conferred by Congress are due process of law."

And further:

> "That the provisions of Article V. of Amendments United States Constitution, 'no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law,' do not apply to an alien immigrant who has not acquired a domicile, because, so far as *he* is concerned, any examination into his right to

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come here by such executive officer as Congress may select (without appeal to the courts), is 'due process of law.'"

It will be seen that this allows the man the habeas corpus—it cannot deprive him of that under the Constitution—but it makes it worthless by depriving the judge of power to act on it. The great writ of liberty becomes, under this inquiry, a ridiculous examination of the reason of the man's imprisonment, by a tribunal which can do nothing for him. Judge Lacombe had to follow the decision in the recent proceeding.

And now see how it works, how soon its monstrosity is demonstrated. In the middle of an exciting political campaign, the secretary of the treasury allows his subordinates to seek out, in the house of a prominent political candidate who has filled the office of Vice-President of the United States, one of his "domestic servants," to whom the law had no application, to arrest him, cart him about the country as a prisoner, and deny the right of the courts to liberate him, although there is no pretence that he is legally held. As a legal correspondent of the *Evening Post* has well pointed out, under this ruling of the Supreme Court, the secretary is so far raised above the law that he might really seize on a native-born political opponent, pronounce him an alien immigrant, and deport him. This seems an extravagant supposition, but the law fully warrants it, and it would not greatly surpass in absurdity the treatment of Howard the coachman, who, as far as the contract-labor law is concerned, stands exactly in the position of a native-born citizen. Nothing can prove better the strength of the principles to which the Democratic party is wedded than its continued strength and vitality in spite of the acts and opinions of many of its leading men.

THE BALTIMORE PLAN.

The Baltimore plan of currency reform has met with a very favorable reception from the press. The Columbia (S. C.) *State* regards it as a sign of progress to a rational and fair solution of the money question, and says:

"As the scheme has been unanimously endorsed by a body so conservative and so influential as the American Bankers' Association, and will be pressed by it upon the attention of Congress, we may be sure that some legislation on this line will be had at the next session. Indeed, it must be had. *It is the only possible alternative to a swamping flood of bad money.* But the friends of State banks must see to it that it is amended so as to be all that it purports to be, and to give in truth the elastic and sufficient currency of home issue which is required."

Quite true. It is the only alternative to a swamping flood of bad money. It should be added that it is the cheapest possible plan. Instead of buying silver at sixty-three cents per ounce, or whatever the price may be, the currency will be supplied at a cost of next to nothing. This does not mean that we can all of us pick up money in the street. If we could do so, it would be worth nothing. We shall have to pay one hundred cents' worth of our goods or labor for every dollar, whether it be silver or banknotes; but in the former case society as a whole must begin by paying out fifty cents for the material of which the dollar is composed, while in the other case it pays only a small fraction of a cent. This is true whether the silver is obtained by Government purchase or by free coinage. The cost of mining and smelting, which is not less than sixty-three cents per ounce (the equivalent of fifty cents per dollar), must be paid by the community which uses the dollars. It seems something like a paradox to say that the money which costs nothing is better than that which costs 50 per cent. of its face value, but it is true, because the banknotes represent 100 cents in bank assets. The banknotes are swapping tickets. The Baltimore plan, as Mr. Hepburn tersely said, is a plan for swapping well-known credit for less-known credit. All trade is exchange. A bank is a machine of exchange, and banknotes and bank-checks are simply two parts of the same machine.

The Columbia *State*, while endorsing the Baltimore plan, criticises some of the details. It says that "if the Canadian banks safely issue notes up to the full amount of their unimpaired capital, there is no good reason why banks in the United States should be limited in their issues of notes to 50 per cent. of their capital in ordinary times, and 75 per cent. in times of emergency." There is some force in this suggestion; but in making a change in the banking system of a country, it is best not to attempt too much at once. If we err at all, let us err on the side of safety. Moreover, Mr. Homer, who was selected to bring the Baltimore plan before the convention, presented statistics showing that, under the old system before the war, there had never been a time when the banks were able to keep out circulation to the extent of more than 50 per cent. of their capital, under the conditions of specie payment and free competition. Of course we do not expect any other conditions. The average of such circulation before the war was only 44 per cent. of the capital, while in Massachusetts (in 1859) it was 29 per cent., and in Louisiana only 26 per cent. In the latter State there was no restriction on bank circulation, and in the former there was practically none.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* and the Nashville *American* heartily endorse the Baltimore plan. The former, after reciting the details of the proposed measure, says:

"The plan will give that elasticity to the currency the lack of which has been painfully felt in all times of money stringency, and especially so in the dreadful year 1893. This elasticity is to be obtained through the 25 per cent. issue referred to in the plan as the emergency circulation; and this emergency circulation will be taxed so severely that it will never be thought of but when real necessity arises. Thus are both safety and elasticity secured by the propositions of the Baltimore plan, which, from its simplicity and the splendid endorsements of all the bankers as well as of the present comptroller of the currency and of his last predecessor, is almost certain to receive the favorable consideration of Congress."

The Boston *Advertiser* objects that the plan sacrifices the depositor to the note-holder by giving the latter a first lien on the bank's assets. The criticism is thus stated:

"It is the depositor in the national banks who is likely to find the chief cause of complaint against the proposed Baltimore scheme. It would hardly be fair to him to say, as President Curtis does, that he 'would be as well cared for' under the Baltimore plan 'as he now is,' for the reason that under the proposed system the currency issued by the bank would come in as the first lien upon the bank's capital, while the depositor would have to be satisfied with what remained after the currency was redeemed."

It is one of the a b c's of banking science that the note-holder shall have a first lien on the assets of a failed bank. That is one of the provisions of the national banking law now. If the country should get into another desperate war, so that the bonds held for banknote security should sink to forty cents on the dollar, as they did in 1864, and a national bank should fail, then section 5230 of the Revised Statutes would become operative at once. It says that "for any deficiency in the proceeds of all the bonds of an association when thus sold, to reimburse to the United States the amount expended in paying circulating notes of the association, the United States shall have a paramount lien upon all its assets," etc. This principle is affirmed in the State constitutions of New York, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, and Alabama, and in the banking laws of several other States, including Massachusetts. It would become at once operative in those States if the federal tax on State banknotes were repealed.

The only serious objection that has been raised to the Baltimore plan is that it does not provide for the retirement of the Government notes now outstanding. "It does not go far enough," say these objectors. The criticism is certainly a respectable one, and, if the Baltimore plan were offered as the last word on the subject of monetary legislation in the United States, would be a very weighty one. But, as a circular issued by Messrs. Hambleton & Co. of Baltimore since the adjournment of the convention says, "it is not claimed that the plan is perfect, but it is a long step in the direction of a sound currency." We are of the opinion that all Government notes circulating as money ought to be withdrawn. We think that they are inconsistent alike with sound principles of money and with sound principles of government. Nevertheless, we do not consider it wise to put forward a plan for withdrawing them now. Public sentiment is not ripe for it, but the Baltimore plan, if adopted by Congress, will be a long step in that direction

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because it will introduce elasticity into the currency *pro tanto*, and will make the next step easier.

What we want now is to get back to sound principles, and especially to the principle that banknotes should be based upon credit and not upon Government bonds. The bond-security system is as hard as iron. It is harder, in fact, than a deposit of gold coin, dollar for dollar, would be, because it requires $114 of invested capital to get $90 of banknotes. This system does undoubtedly make notes secure, but it does this at the expense of all other qualities. The Baltimore plan will make them equally secure, while adding flexibility to the system.

One fact, easily lost sight of, should be steadily borne in mind. If a bank is not required to put up $114 in Government bonds for every $90 of notes, the $114 is not lost. It does not cease to be part and parcel of the bank's assets. It is just as available (and more so) for the redemption of banknotes as in the other case, *provided* the bank is well managed. "Ah," says some objector, "that is just the point; the bond-security system provides against bad management." But bad management of banks is now a known quantity. We have had thirty-one years' experience to guide our steps. We know just what provision is needed to make it good. We can accumulate a fund for this purpose by general contribution.

But that is not all. The comptroller's office at Washington exists in part to prevent bad banking. So long as $114 worth of bonds is lodged in the Treasury against $90 of banknotes, the comptroller can perform his duties in a perfunctory way. The Government, his master, is secure in any case. Nobody will suffer from a bank failure except the depositors, and they are smart enough to look out for themselves, or ought to be. The comptroller's office likes to take things easy. It does not differ in this respect from other human institutions. If the bond security is taken away, then the comptroller's office and the bank examiners all over the country have a special incentive to vigilance. They have a spur to prick the sides of their intent. Bank examinations will be more frequent and more thorough, and depositors be better protected than they are now.

The question has been asked why the Government should be responsible for the redemption of banknotes, as the Baltimore plan provides. Evidently in order to preserve the absolute good credit which banknotes now enjoy. This is an inestimable public advantage. If the plan contemplated a possible loss to the Government, it would be open to objection, but it first secures the Government by the proceeds of a tax on all the participating banks. This being done, it is no detriment to the Government to guarantee the notes, as it does under the present system, while it is an immense service to the people that they are under no necessity to inquire whether a banknote will be as good to-morrow as it is to-day, or as good in Texas as it is in Maine or Oregon.

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

Not since the Forster education act came into operation in 1871 has there been such widespread interest in a school-board election as attaches to that of the London board, which will take place at the end of November. In the metropolis the election of the board is overshadowing the elections of the County Council and of the forty new district councils organized under the parish and district councils act, which are to take place about the same time; while outside London it is arousing a national interest. Already the election has been the occasion of as many manifestoes as a parliamentary general election, of numerous resolutions at the conferences of the churches, and of scores of sermons from provincial as well as metropolitan pulpits. It is needless to add that all this interest centres about a religious controversy. Party politics seldom plays much part in school-board elections. From the peculiar character of the elementary school system, most of the conflicts are waged over sectarian questions. England is consequently accustomed to such controversies over the administration of elementary education laws; but, as has been stated, heretofore there has never been a school-board election which has aroused so much national interest.

It is hardly possible to appreciate the significance of the election, and of the national issues attending it, without bearing in mind how Parliament left the religious question when the settlement of 1870 was made. At that time Parliament was not establishing an entirely new school system. It was improving and extending, some people would say patching up, a system which had then been in existence for sixty years, which had been built up partly by the Church of England, and partly by an unsectarian organization which, like the church, had received large financial aid from the Government in carrying out its educational work. It was not disposed to disregard the systems it then found in existence, nor to decree that a system of universal school boards should be created. It aimed at continuing the existing schools, and provided for the establishment of school boards only in those places where the existing schools obviously did not meet the needs of the locality. It continued its annual grants to the schools which in the past had been supported by these grants and by private subscriptions, and further provided that schools under boards should be maintained partly by similar Government grants and partly by local taxes levied by the boards. The managers of the voluntary schools, as the older schools were named, were empowered to continue whatever religious teaching they had been giving. The unsectarian schools, of course, had given no sectarian teaching. In the church schools the doctrines of the Church of England had always been taught. The church continued this teaching under the act of 1870; the only difference being that, under the operation of what is known as the conscience clause, parents were empowered to withdraw their children if they objected to their being present when the doctrines of the Church of England were being taught, and the education department in London directed arrangements in the time-tables in each school to facilitate these withdrawals.

So far as concerns the voluntary schools, this was the way in which the religious question was settled in 1870. As regards the board schools, it was left to each board to determine whether it would give Bible teaching or not. All the act stipulated was that no religious catechism or religious formulary, distinctive of any particular denomination, should be taught. There are now considerably more than 2,000 school boards. Only by 91 has Bible teaching been ruled out.

When the first London school board was organized in 1871, it at once decided in favor of Bible teaching, and drew up a rule under which the instruction should be given. "The Bible," this rule set out, "shall be read, and there shall be given such explanation and such instruction therefrom in the principles of the Christian religion and morality as are suited to the capacities of children; provided always that in such explanation and instruction the provisions of the act in sections vii. and xiv. [conscience clause and Cowper-Temple clause] be strictly observed both in letter and spirit." The Cowper-Temple clause is the one which forbids the distinctive teaching of any particular denomination. Among the members of the London School Board who took part in drawing up this rule in 1871 were the late W. H. Smith, who was afterwards leader of the House of Commons, the late Sir Charles Reed, the late Samuel Morley, both of whom were prominent members of the House of Commons, Lord Harrowby, Lord Lawrence, Dr. Angus, and Dr. Rigg.

On the London board the opposing parties are now known as the Clericals and the Progressives. Although the Clerical party, which is not in sympathy with the education acts, and is always watchful of the interests of the voluntary schools, has been gaining strength since about 1885, it was not until 1893 that any attempt was made to alter the rule adopted in 1871. The first intimation that the rule of 1871 was in danger was a letter in the *Guardian*, the foremost organ of the Church of England. It was published in November, 1892, written by one of the clerical members of the board, and set forth the complaint that some of the teachers of the board schools were neglecting to teach the doctrine of the Trinity. The very next week a conflict began among the members of the school board which, with intermissions for vacations, was continued until the 15th of March of this year. It was waged about a proposed circular to

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be issued to the teachers in respect of the manner in which Bible instruction should be given. The unsectarian members of the board opposed it. Deputations of citizens attended before the board, petitioning it to leave matters as they were; nearly all the London daily newspapers, including most of the Tory papers, which are usually on the side of the Church of England, urged the board to halt. It was all to no use. On the 15th of March, by a vote of 26 to 21, the board adopted the now famous circular, and it was issued to the teachers. It is a long document, but the substance of it, so far as the present controversy is concerned, is embodied in a paragraph which sets out that the principles of the Christian religion, as understood by the board, include "a belief in God the Father, as our Creator, in God the Son, as our Redeemer, and in God the Holy Ghost, as our Sanctifier."

The Nonconformists oppose the circular on the ground that it is a reflection on the previous practice of the teachers; that it implies the imposition of religious tests for teachers, which is contrary to the spirit of modern education and likely to lower the standard of efficiency in the teaching staff; and that it endangers the spirit of the compromise of 1871, which has worked satisfactorily and commanded the confidence of the rate-payers. The teachers also object to it on the ground that it imposes a religious test. Although the board has distinctly stated that it will be left to a teacher to decide whether or not he will give Bible instruction in the spirit of the circular, the teachers insist that in reality this option does not amount to anything. They urge that "a teacher who will conform will be more useful than one who will not, and in the end the former will have his reward in better pay and quicker promotion"; and, further, "that a new kind of dissent will be started, and that the school-board Nonconformists will find themselves practically drifting out of the swim of professional advancement."

Nearly half of the 7,000 teachers employed by the London board have petitioned for the withdrawal of the circular, and their petition has become the question on which the school-board election is being fought. Since the beginning of the autumn a vigorous campaign has been conducted in behalf of candidates pledged to immediate withdrawal of the circular. The Clerical party, however, are active too; and although they are without the support of the Conservative press, so much so that the *Guardian* has declared that if the electorate returns the present majority to power, it will do so in the teeth of an almost unanimous opposition from the press, the Clericals are sanguine that the electors will endorse the circular. The electors may not actually endorse the circular, but they will probably again return a Clerical majority to the board, and for this reason: the Clerical party have always posed as the party of economy, and as a matter of fact the school-board rate has been a trifle lower since they controlled the board. The unsectarian party insist that any savings which the last two boards have effected are due to a policy of starving the schools. This may be true. Some of the schools may be understaffed, but the well-to-do London rate-payer does not send his children to the board schools. He is opposed to the progressive idea which dominates the unsectarian party. He dislikes some of the candidates who have fastened themselves on the progressive movement; and while he will not go to the trouble of thinking out the right or wrong of the Trinitarian controversy, he may very possibly give his votes for the candidates of the Clericals.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

THE death of Mr. Froude, after a literary career of varied industry for almost half a century, ends a life which, in its interests, its emotions, and its activities, in more ways than one reflects the strange transition through which England has been passing during this century. He was one of the very few survivors of that extraordinary group of young men who, over fifty years ago at Oxford, illustrated in the sphere of religion the power of the all-pervading spell of the Romantic spirit in its revolt against the rationalism, the common sense, and the placid self-content of the eighteenth century, which found their shapes in the utilitarian liberalism of the day. He was born in Dartington rectory, Totness, Devonshire, April 23, 1818. His childhood was spent in typically English surroundings of the olden time. His father was archdeacon of Totness, and exercised also the functions of a civil magistrate. He was remembered in after years by his son as "a continually busy, useful man of the world, a learned and cultivated antiquary, and an accomplished artist." Of his early training Froude wrote: "Our spiritual lessons did not go beyond the catechism. We were told that our business in life was to work and to make an honorable position for ourselves. About doctrine, Evangelical or Catholic, I do not think that in my early boyhood I ever heard a single word, in church or out of it." He went to Oxford while the memory of his brother, Hurrell Froude, one of the most brilliant of the Tractarian group, was still fresh. He had already "swallowed such antidotes to Catholicism" as would be derived from a careful reading of Gibbon, and he was fortified against scepticism by Paley and Grotius; but as yet he had little notion of the Evangelical wing of the church. 'Pilgrim's Progress,' even, he never read until he was grown up. At Oxford he seemed to the friends of his brother to be "keeping the party and the Movement at arm's length." Mozley tells us that "his habits and amusements were solitary," and that "he combined in a rare degree self-confidence, imagination, and inquiry." Froude listened to Newman's sermons with deep interest, read Hume carefully, and found himself in great perplexity.

His confidence in his Oxford teachers was put to a severe strain shortly after graduation by a visit to the family of an Evangelical clergyman in Ireland, where he found Christianity to be "part of the atmosphere which we breathed." He saw there the genuine fruits of the Reformation which he had been taught at Oxford "to hate as rebellion." His reverence for the reformers revived. "Fact itself was speaking for them. . . . Modern history resumed its traditionary aspect." When he returned to Oxford in 1842, as Fellow of Exeter, he had learned "that equally good men could take different views in theology, and Newmanism had ceased to have an exclusive interest for him." Feeling unsettled in his views, he "read hard in modern history and literature," including Carlyle, Goethe, Lessing, Neander, and Schleiermacher. He approached modern science through 'The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.' "As I had perceived before," he says, "that Evangelicals could be as saintlike as Catholics, so now I found that men of the highest gifts could differ from both by whole diameters in the interpretation of the same phenomena." He then discovered that the Catholic revival in Oxford was but part of the general movement of reaction in Europe. At this time he was invited by Newman to contribute to the 'Lives of English Saints.' His reading for this purpose took him into a world where "the order of nature seems only to have existed to give holy men an opportunity of showing their superiority to material conditions." After writing one life he "had to retreat from his occupation." But "the excursion among the will-o'-the-wisps of the spiritual morasses" did not leave him as it found him. "I had been taught by Newman that there was no difference in kind between the saints' miracles and the miracles of the Bible." The alternative probability now forced itself upon him—"that all supernatural stories were legendary, wherever found"; and he met the issue with courage although not with composure. His distress drew from him a cry of pain, and in the mournful reflections of 'The Nemesis of Faith,' 1848, he revealed to the world his mental struggles.

The work was widely read, and received the censure of the Oxford authorities. In later years Froude referred to it as "something written not wisely, in which heterodoxy was flavored with sentimentalism." To this sorrowing Werther how like a dash of cold water must have come Carlyle's gruff comment that "he should burn his own smoke and not trouble other people's nostrils with it." The evidence of Froude's courage is to be found in his actions rather than his words. "I found myself unfitted for a clergyman's position [he was in deacon's orders], and I abandoned it. I did not leave the church. I withdrew into the position of a lay member, in which I have ever since remained. I gave up my fellowship, and I gave up my profession with the loss of my existing means of maintenance and with the sacrifice of my future prospects."

He became acquainted with Carlyle in 1849, although not intimately so until 1860. His relationship to Carlyle is the key to his intellectual life. In 1884 he wrote: "I had, . . . from the time I became acquainted with his writings, looked upon him as my own guide and master—so absolutely that I could have said: *Malim errare cum Platone quam cum aliis bene sentire;* or, in Goethe's words, which I did indeed often repeat to myself: *Mit deinem Meister zu irren ist dein Gewinn.* The practice of submission to the authority of one whom one recognizes as greater than one's self outweighs the chance of occasional mistake." After all his struggles he was to take a position toward Carlyle essentially the same as that of Newman toward the church, so per-

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vading still was the spirit of the Oxford Movement in the air he breathed. Froude now turned to literature for support, and became a frequent contributor to the *Westminster Review* and to *Frazer's Magazine*, of which he later became the editor. The first two volumes of his 'History of England' appeared in 1856, and he was occupied with this work for the next sixteen years.

His first visit to the United States, in 1872, partook of the nature of a political mission. He delivered lectures to enlighten Americans on the Irish question. Later he travelled in South Africa, Australia, and the West Indies. He was deeply interested in the preservation of the empire, and lamented the apathy of the home Government in regard to the welfare of the colonies, whose value he placed in the opportunities they offered for the expansion of the British people. His narratives of these voyages abound in glowing descriptions of nature, and melancholy reflections on the state of politics in democracies. Like Carlyle, he was drawn to strong men, to the heroes; and his biographies of Luther, Bunyan, and Carlyle, of Becket, Cæsar, and Beaconsfield, are among the most successful and characteristic productions of his pen. Several volumes of essays, by the great range of their subjects and the never-failing interest imparted to them, bear testimony to the versatility of his mind. A volume of Oxford lectures on the Life and Letters of Erasmus is his latest publication, fresh from the press.

In 1892 Froude was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, an honor which it has been customary to bestow upon men who would adorn the position. Actual teaching or lecturing forms a relatively small part of a Regius professor's duties, which lie rather in the field of research and authorship. Froude's views of history differed widely from those of Stubbs and Freeman and his immediate predecessors, for with him the emotional and intellectual life of the individual was the dominant interest, while for them it was rather the political life of men in the mass, the life of nationalities and of institutions. Freeman, too, had for years been a relentless critic of his work, and had gone so far in one of his published lectures as to hold up Froude, in a thinly disguised description, in cutting terms, as an example of all that was objectionable in historical writing. Not unnaturally, lively protest was heard against the appointment. Yet Froude deserved the distinction better than three-quarters of his predecessors. For him the main value of history was not scientific but ethical. "It is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. . . . Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes at last to them in French revolutions and other terrible ways." Another lesson is, that "we should draw no horoscopes; that we should expect little, for what we expect will not come to pass. Revolutions, reformations —those vast movements into which heroes and saints have flung themselves, in the belief that they were the dawn of the millennium—have not borne the fruit which they looked for. Millenniums are still far away." History should be true to life; it can only approximate truth to past fact. "If the drama is the grandest when the action is the least explicable by laws, because then it best resembles life, then history will be the grandest also under the same conditions." "For the mere hard purposes of history, the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' are the most effective books ever written." "Wherever possible, let us not be told about this man or that. Let us hear the man himself speak, let us see him act, and let us be left to form our own opinions about him." "The supreme excellence of the Elizabethan literature is in its purely objective character; and the most perfect English history which exists is to be found, in my opinion, in the historical plays of Shakspere. . . . Shakspere's object was to exhibit as faithfully as he could the exact character of the great actors in the national drama—the circumstances which surround them, and the motives, internal and external, by which they were influenced. To know this is to know all." "No such directness of insight, no such breadth of sympathy, has since been applied to the writing of English history."

Froude considered a "constructive philosophy of history impossible as yet; for a long time to come study must be confined to analysis." He "objected to all historical theories as calculated to vitiate the observation of facts without which such speculations are not worth the paper they are written upon." "Neither history nor any other knowledge can be obtained except by scientific methods." He was under no illusions in regard to himself. Three years ago he wrote: "For the rest, I do not pretend to impartiality. . . . In every conclusion which we form, in every conviction which is forced upon us, there is still a subjective element. . . . For myself I can say that I have discriminated with such faculty as I possess. I have kept back nothing. I have consciously distorted nothing which conflicts with my own views. I have accepted what seems sufficiently proved. I have rejected what I can find no support for save in hearsay or prejudice."

Froude wrote history as he conceived it with a power rarely equalled. His pages pulse with life. But though he drew from sources of the highest value, many of them never before utilized, he lacked a sound critical method of dealing with them. In this respect his later volumes show a marked improvement over the earlier ones. Unbiassed perception seems at times to have been simply beyond his powers; the facts of his own narrative he often saw as no one else saw them. Objective description he professed to aim at, but rarely attained, for he approached his material too much in the spirit of an artist. In his pictures the shadows are too deep and the lights are too richly glowing. A sentimentalist by nature, he was deficient in sobriety and poise of judgment, and he lacked the patience for accuracy in details. He had little interest in modern social or political science, and to the reader of the present day one of the most serious deficiencies of his work is its failure to give adequate attention to the constitutional and economic aspects of the period. Yet, after all deductions, the 'History' remains an imposing contribution to our knowledge of what its author believed "the greatest achievement in English history, the 'breaking the bands of Rome' and the establishment of spiritual independence"; and even when for the student it shall have been displaced by the work of some one more largely endowed with the indispensable qualifications of an historian, it will still have an enduring position in the literature of the English people.

CARDUCCI AT SAN MARINO.

MOUNT TITAN, September 30, 1894.

TEN years ago we were presented with the diploma of citizenship by the Regents of the Republic of San Marino: yesterday the hope, long deferred, of visiting this microscopic refuge of liberty in the Old World was fulfilled, and with Giosuè Carducci, his daughter, and the well known writer and professor of history Bertolini, after a four hours' drive from Rimini in pouring rain, we alighted at the gate of the fifteen hundred-year-old city, hungry, drenched, yet merry, climbed the steep ascent, making the old walls ring with shouts of "Viva la repubblica, viva la libertà!" curiously surprised that no *sbirri* intimated silence, no carbineer presented handcuffs. On the borders of the Italian provinces of Emilia and the Marches, overlooking the fertile, populous plain surrounding Rimini, 738.13 metres above the level of the sea, on the summit of Mount Titan, are three rocks, the *Penne*. At the foot of these is built the city; lower down, the Borgo—the entire territory not exceeding 30 kilometres in circumference, with about 9,000 inhabitants dispersed in hamlets and villages, of which the chief are Serravalle, Tre Castelli, Monte Giardino, Faitano. The government of the republic is carried on by a council of sixty citizens elected for life from all classes in equal proportions—20 nobles, 20 burghers, 20 peasants. Every six months the counsellors nominate 12 of their members, then by ballot 2 of these are selected to fill the office of *Consoli* or *Capitani Reggenti;* the duty of these Regents being to cause the laws to be executed and to preside over the meetings of the council. The ceremony of the instalment of the new Regents, who, after their six months' term of power, cannot be reëlected for three years, is performed with great solemnity, and this year the opening of the new Town Hall is an event in the annals of the republic.

Hence the invitation to Giosuè Carducci to deliver the inaugural address which is just concluded, to which no summary nor even literal translation can do justice. The fifteen centuries of history stand out clear and concise; the poet's passionate love of liberty, of justice, of work, of truth, and honesty shines forth refulgent; yet this is nothing to the keynote dominating the whole—the belief in a divine idea; the worship of the God before whom Washington bent his uncrowned head, the God who held converse with Mazzini—"that hale and healthy soul"—in the fortress of Savona, and led him thence, Italy's Ezekiel, to the capitol. "Carducci with Crispi to Canossa," say the silly tattlers; but Carducci has been long meditating a protest against the mean, debasing materialism preached by the men, who, while safe in their own domains, egg on the anarchist assassins to their doom. In a reunion of friends in a garden six months since, he said quite simply, "I believe in God"; and went on unfolding his thoughts, hopes, and visions; denouncing at the same time the accursed lie enthroned on the Vatican which has made Italy an unbeliever in the eternal truth. Just then he received the invitation from Tonnini, the regent of San Marino who died last month; and during August and September, up in the mountains above Sondrio, he embodied his idea in the address just delivered. The author of the Hymn to Satan, who invited the Italians to bury the old God under the ruins of Roman Catholicism, who prophesied the reign of reason on the throne of extinct creeds, is guilty of no inconsistency in now proclaiming his belief in the unseen, in the divine, in the eternal. He is what Mazzini was—"a believer, not a Christian." Neither the "Semitic God" nor the God of whom the Pope poses as vicegerent on earth is

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the God of the Apostle of Italian Unity or of Italy's divinest poet. But here he must speak for himself, give his own explanation of the motives that led him to avow the necessity of a "return to the lofty ideals which inspired our Italian Renaissance."

"I scorn a policy of opportunism. The priests of science—I mean those who use science as a profession, a privilege, an instrument, a refuge; who prate of science even as the monks of the last century prated of faith—may believe and preach that the *canaille* need a god; even as the marquises of the eighteenth century affirmed that religion was for their valets. I say that such science is no excuse in my eyes It is a mime that trips out of books and professorial chairs on to stilts, and, while selling love-philters, furtively hands over the keys of the house to the barbarians who assail hearts and heads. I say that the bestial dissoluteness which dares openly to boast that civilization consists in corrupting and being corrupted, rages not so much among the people as among the so-called directing (governing) classes, the authors of those latter-day scandals that have given Rome the aspect of a den of thieves, of a brothel-house of souls, with Doric or Ionic columns if you please, with the Pantheon and the Colosseum for background, and with an awning of gray sophistical babble for the protection of infamy. Will God redress all this? What will the idea of God be for us Italians, and whither will it lead us? I do not assume the rôle of prophet, philosopher, or charlatan; hence I neither predict, nor preach, nor indicate—*Fata viam invenient.* Yet I do affirm that life is a battle of duty, not a pleasure trip, that otherwise there exists not liberty, nor fatherland, nor even a state Yet while I affirm God with Mazzini, not a hair of my head dreams of reconciliation with the Vatican. Long ago Macchiavelli wrote: 'Owing to the culpable example of the court, this province has lost all devotion, all religion. . . . Thus we Italians, with the church and with the priests, are constrained to become impious and to live without religion.' All this was true even after 1815. Further, I believe that a real return of Italy to her high ideals, if this be possible, would not be for the advantage of the Catholic Church, such as she now is; but I also believe profoundly and affirm that the Italian people is not of its own nature atheist or sceptical, void of virtue, void of faith. This is an insult which the Germans have hurled at us since long ago, and our base ignorance has accepted the insult as a brevet of originality, and is flattered by it Knaves! Our great men are named Dante, Columbus, Michelangelo, Galileo, Vico, Mazzini; and all of these thought and worked out what is most noble, most lofty, most worthy in the life of man and in the history of the world. But enough! let us speak of other things."

I should say that this passage is taken from the preface to the inaugural discourse—a preface intended for Italy rather than for the simple, honest citizens of S. Marino. Carducci's real speech began with an augury to the sons and children yet unborn for the durability and prosperity of the glorious, happy little republic whose fifteen centuries of life mingle with the hopes of the future.

"From the heights of Mount Titan we look down on the glorious cities in the plain—Etruscan Ravenna, Gallic Rimini, Doric Ancona. Rimini retains the bridge of Augustus, Ancona Trajan's Arch, Ravenna the ashes of the sons of Theodosius; yet we turn from these trophies of the alternate grandeur and decay of the Roman Empire to seek with loving veneration the altar of the new life of Italy in the tomb of Dante. From these elements, from the seeds wafted upwards on the wings of changeful fate, germinated on this rock this exquisite flower of liberty. . . . When the Roman world decayed, God willed that humble Latin folk should recreate that which is the soul, the primordial form of government among the Italic peoples in the hamlet and borough, the castle and the commune, free one and all. Doomed to premature decay by the tyranny of faction, by the ignominy of foreign rule, the republics of Italy vanished in their youth; in the glorious fatigues of our Renaissance, and now in the face of all our peoples united for the first time in the single, eternal name of Italy, God willed and wills that the republic of San Marino remain at once a memory, a witness, an admonition.

"God, I said, citizens; for in a good republic it is still permitted to be not ashamed of God, nay, it is proper from him, *optimus maximus*, to take initiative and auspices even as did not only the chiefs of our communes, but also our ancestors of Rome the great and of Greece the beautiful. Old hatred for a pestiferous tyrannic superstition, new pride of superficial observers who rely too much on victories over external nature, have, as it were, diseducated the Latin races from the divine idea; but neither sacerdotal infamy nor sophistical arrogance can exclude God from history: God the loftiest vision to which the peoples in the strength of their youth aspire—God the sun of sublime souls and of ardent hearts—like the planetary sun through the fabled constellations, passes through the forms of all religions, sole and universal God of nations."

Carducci's discourse, which I ought to have said was entitled "La libertà perpetua di San Marino," after the exordium, compendiated with scrupulous exactness and poetic fervor the entire history of the little commune from the hour when Marino, an Italian stonecutter hailing from the Dalmatian shores, received, according to the legend, from the *patrona* Felicissima the gift of the mountain where he lived and worked and built a tiny temple dedicated to Jesus of Nazareth. Here gathered fishermen, peasants, and poor men oppressed who would not bend the knee to Cæsar, and with them Marino lived, working, praying, and singing the Psalms of David, a simple "deacon" of the Christian community, all enjoying the greatest of human treasures, "the dignity of work, the freedom of belief." The heroic resistance to oppression, the rejection of Napoleon's tempting offer of enlarged territory, the constancy with which the little republic withstood the insidious offers of the bishops of Montefeltro, of the Malatesta, of Valentino, of the Farnese, were set in high relief. The words attributed to Marino, "Relinquo vos liberos ab utroque homine" (I leave you free from the one and the other man), could not have been spoken by Marino—the Roman conception of Christianity in the fourth century could not have realized the barbaric idea of the double feudalism of Empire and of Church; but those words ring out the truth of the tenth and eleventh centuries, when the first (unknown) biographer of Marino recorded his life and deeds. The city grew up really free "from the one and the other," from Emperor and Pope, from lord and bishop. Alone she held her ground as a republic, without the favor or permission of Cæsar or of Peter, by the natural course of events, the hereditary tradition of her people. So she maintained the ancient liberty forfeited elsewhere, her people living, praying, and working round the tomb of her good founder. Hence that which Aristotle called *isonomia* and deemed necessary in a perfect republic, that which the French Revolution sanctioned in the formula "equality of all before the law," grew up in San Marino, a spontaneous emanation of the will of simple men.

The last, most glorious record of the republic bears date of July 31, 1849:

"When a self-styled great republic crushed without conquering the heroic republic of Joseph Mazzini, then this little republic of San Marino protected in Garibaldi the supreme efforts of Italic virtue militant. Hither came the hero, preceded by Francesco Nullo, the brave of braves, and by Ugo Bassi, the martyr monk. Ancient and modern Italy knocked at thy gates, O good republic. 'Two armies pursue and surround me,' said the hero. 'My soldiers are exhausted with hunger and fatigue. Give me bread and a little repose for them. Here we will lay down our arms; here the war for Italian independence shall cease.' And you and your fathers, face to face with the on-pressing enemy, gave bread and rest and consolation to the hunted, vanquished brothers; gave the viaticum to the fugitives, and sped them on their way; and the shadow of the republic saved the hero to preside over Italy's happier destinies. Blessed be thou for all time, San Marino, by all Italian hearts which live and shall live for liberty and the fatherland. And you, O citizens, inscribe on the gate of your city the date of July 31, 1849, and on one side the words of Garibaldi to his soldiers on that day, 'Return to your homes, but remember that Italy must not remain in servitude and shame,' and on the other the words he addressed to you when brighter days had dawned: 'Ever shall I remember the generous hospitality of San Marino in that hour of supreme misfortune for me and for Italy.'

"O republic imbued with the noble spirit of history even in thy day of small things! as in the twilight of ancient Rome thou wast chosen to preserve the ashes of Italian liberty scattered to the winds, so in the resurrection of Rome to other destinies thou wert again chosen to save the new fortunes of Italy. All honor to thee, ancient, virtuous, generous, trusting republic; honor to thee! And mayst thou live eternal with the life and glory of Italy."

The people, gathered in their beautiful new town hall, who had listened with wrapt attention to the discourse, which lasted an hour, burst into wild applause as the poet's clarion voice rang out the final words, and tears rolled down the cheeks of the Regent Belluzzi, the friend of Mazzini and Garibaldi, who now, in his eighty-seventh year, as the closing act of his term of power, had to declare the new Govment building formally opened—touched to the heart by Carducci's glowing tribute to his beloved and well-served republic. A gem, indeed, is the new palace, "designed, built, and decorated as in the times of our fathers"—that is, in the style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—so that, looking up to it from the piazza, you can fancy yourself in Florence gazing at the Bargello or the Palazzo Vecchio. From the belfry tower the underlying panorama baffles description. The hills and mountains, streams and rivers that surround and cross the widespread plain have each a record of their own. There is Tassona, where Garibaldi made his last stand against the Austrians before seeking refuge in San Marino. Down there Cesenatico, where his hopes of reaching Venice were baffled, where Anita, who refused his entreaties to remain with the hospitable Sammarinese, died in his arms; and while we are gazing and listening comes up to be presented an old, old veteran, Nicola Zani by name, who, at the risk of his own life, after Anita's death, guided Garibaldi through forests and by steep paths across the mountains into safety. But the summons comes to "attend the banquet," a simple genial feast, where the chief toasts are for the old Regents, Carducci, and the sovereigns of United Italy. Telegrams are sent by the Regents to Crispi and the King, and promptly Umberto I. answers back:

"I thank your Excellencies, and the Queen thanks you, for the sentiments you express in the name of the most serene Republic of San Marino inaugurating the new palace of the Government. I am glad that the busts of my august consort and myself attest to the Republic my sincere affection, which I inherit from the King my father. Joining in your joy to-day, I indulge in fervent hopes for the prosperity of the people whose records are pure, century-old glories of Italy."

After the banquet there is a grand representation at the theatre, where Angelo Masini and Lena Bordato bring down the house with applause; then a brilliant *veglione*, and the lads and lasses dance merrily till six in the morning of the 1st of October, that day of days in 1860 when Garibaldi telegraphed from the Volturno, "Victory along all the line." At eleven the old Regents and the new assemble in the church erected on the old site where Marino built his little *sacello* temple, and where his bones repose. The militia are there in their simple, beautiful uniform, and Consolo, the great violinist, intones his new grand hymn composed for the occasion. After the short mass, all repair to the Government Building, where Belluzzi the noble, Marcucci the peasant, Regents take their seats for the last time on the dais. Our host, Prof. Marino Fattori, delivers an eloquent, erudite address, expounding his theme, "Bonæ leges boni mores, boni mores bonæ leges," to which all present listen attentively—Carducci with frank appreciation. Then the new Regents, the noble Regent for the city and the peasant (this time a schoolmaster) for the Borgo, take the oath. Next the old Regents proceed to take off their white and pale blue collars, insignia of office, and place them on the necks of the new, deposit in a coffer the huge keys of the city gates of the Borgo, the prison, and the treasury, and hand the coffer to their successors, who now take their seats on the dais, whence the old Regents descend and become simple citizens once more. The ceremony is ended; the military bands play the march of San Marino and Garibaldi's hymn, while the old and new Regents, the con-

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suls, and dignitaries, officers, priests, and people march in a pouring rain, halt at the old palace while the band plays, and then disperse to their several homes and their various occupations.

The consular body put on a fine appearance —the French consul in splendid array; the Austrian consul in a simple uniform; the Italian consul wearing among other decorations a medal given him by Garibaldi for military valor during the siege of Rome; Prof. Malagola, consul of Bologna, a talented writer, as serious and active in the interests of this tiny republic as though he represented the United States of America. In honor of the occasion the republic has printed 100,000 beautiful postcards and postage stamps of one lira, half a lira, and twenty-five centesimi, which, by formal arrangement, are to pass current for ten days only.

And now, alas, we must bid farewell to this peaceful, prosperous, hard-working, happy community, where $2,000 covers all expenses of state and commune, where *dazii* (imposts) are unknown, "stone, corn, and wine" supplying the wants of the good inhabitants, who can yet boast splendid elementary schools, a gymnasium, a lyceum, and numerous youths who hold professorships in the educational institutions of the great fatherland, as they call our Italy. "Viva la repubblica! Viva la libertà!" May San Marino live for ever, "a memory, a witness, an admonition." J. W. M.

SOME CONTINENTAL LIBRARIES.

VENICE, September, 1894.

THE older libraries of the Continent remind one of some prehistoric tool of which the use has been forgotten. The American scholar, wandering among the shelves courting burial under the dust of ages, gloats over the MS. treasures, the folioed archives, the work of early printers and engravers, and makes sad comparison with the meagre collections of his own land. He is apt to forget that, except for a few erudites like himself, these hoards might as well be buried with that of the Nibelungs. A sealed book in more senses than one they are to the mass of even intelligent people. A knowledge of cursives and uncials, an acquaintance with parchment and purple dyes, is needed to make them either attractive or significant.

Is there, perhaps, a younger generation of libraries growing up alongside of these hoary ancestors, a generation alive to its own work, not resting on old achievements? It is this question which I have set myself to investigate, as circumstances permit. The statistics of public libraries on the Continent may be had in German in Gräsel's edition of Petzholdt's 'Grundzüge der Bibliothekslehre,' or in Reyer's 'Entwickelung und Organisation der Volksbibliotheken,' published early this year at Leipzig. The subject is attracting increased attention in Germany and in Italy, and the profession in both countries has followed our example in establishing schools or courses in library science for the training of those who wish and are qualified to enter upon the librarian's career. The Italian school is in Milan, the most modern of Italian cities, under the auspices of the Biblioteca Nazionale of Brera, while in Germany a course in library science is given at the University of Göttingen. Of neither of these can I as yet speak from personal knowledge, though I hope to be able to do so later. The chief librarian at Göttingen, Prof. Karl Dziatzko, well and favorably known to librarians through his work on cataloguing, is in charge of the German course, and writes me as follows in regard to it:

"I give every week a few hours of lecture, in which I endeavor above all to stimulate to independent work in the subject under discussion; I give besides exercises in which the students take part. Moreover, I allow some of the members who share in the bibliographical exercises to learn the practical service of the library in all departments. As a rule, the course lasts a year, but can of course be finished sooner with a less solid foundation. . . . My lectures begin about the last of October. I shall give two hours per week on the history of printing and of books since the Reformation. The cost for the entire winter term is ten marks. I give also, gratis, an hour's exercise per week in the reading of Latin MSS."

An eminent American librarian expressed to me not long ago a doubt if the deliberate teaching of bibliography and kindred branches could ever be of more than superficial value; years of work in a good collection under scholarly superiors seeming to him a better kind of training and one more likely to evolve genuine scholarship. It was a discouraging opinion, since it would necessarily follow that librarians like himself must continue to be hampered by assistants needing years of experimental education in order to make them valuable. The Germans seem to be of a different mind, judging from the work outlined by Prof. Dziatzko; and if their previous success in undertaking and carrying on difficult pieces of work be a criterion, we may expect them to send out not the perfected librarian, but students knowing the rudiments of bibliography and furnished with guides and landmarks for future study, their interest and ambition already aroused to the work of investigation in their chosen field. It is not to be denied that, because of the larger and richer collections here and the greater number of learned librarians to serve as instructors, such courses have a much greater chance of success than with us in the United States.

Finding, when in Bayreuth, from my bit of a guide-book, that there was a public library in the city, I betook myself to it on the one day and during the two hours in the week when it was reported open for the use of the 80,000 inhabitants. Experience had taught me that, as regards books, supply excites demand, and I did not therefore expect to find myself at the end of a queue of citizens reaching out through the courtyard into the street, on account of the restricted time for drawing books. On the contrary, I was scarcely surprised to find myself and one other person, a man reading a newspaper, the only visitors. My arrival seemed to excite the curiosity of the other visitor as well as of the librarian; it was easy to see that they wondered what on earth had brought me there. Nothing could have exceeded the courtesy shown me, however, when I stated that I should like to see the library, and to draw a book. With the ordinary town-library at home, to show it means to explain its system of working, to give the figures of its circulation, to tell what it is doing, etc.; here it means to show any treasures the shelves may contain. The librarian seemed a little troubled that he could produce no MSS., illuminated or otherwise, except a small vellum-bound prayer-book in Arabic, used, or at least owned, by the last Catholic Margrave of Bayreuth. There was also a Lucas Kranach portrait, which he took from its box and dusted before exhibiting it; and these to him seemed to constitute the sole claim of the library to rank and respect. He had not even a Wagner manuscript, though the printed works stood on the shelves, with numerous pamphlets—and this was really a pity. One thing, however, had always been kept in mind—possibly, there may be a law in regard to it: the local journals had been carefully bound each year, and that much of local history secured.

I learned that about two hundred volumes were purchased yearly, and that about the same number of persons drew books, although, as the librarian was quick to remind me, a "book" sometimes consisting of several volumes, the circulation was really larger than appeared from his records. Books were allowed out for four weeks at a time, and even, in case the reader was engaged in scholarly researches, as long as a year, provided, of course, no one else called for them. A whole set, such as Shakspere's plays, might go out at once, at the librarian's discretion. One could easily see the convenience of this arrangement for certain students, who like to retire with their booty to some convenient hole, there to enjoy it in quiet; but for others, who prefer to mouse about among the shelves, choosing their favorite nutriment, and dropping at once into a chair to devour it, the absence of reading-room and reference-room must be a great drawback.

When it came to the question of lending me a book, there was not the slightest hesitation, although Bayreuth was full of strangers. I signed my name to a printed receipt, the facts of the transaction were placed upon a sort of day-book under the headings, Date, Place (of book), Title, Borrower, Date of Return, and the formalities were over. The question of returning the book raised a difficulty, since I should have left the city before the next day of opening. At first the librarian evidently thought he might call for it at my lodgings, but he was rector in a gymnasium and probably had no time to spare, and he finally asked me to bring or send it to his house. This I promised to do, and carried out my promise in a drizzling rain, though the walk was a long one, rather than cause a moment's anxiety to one who had shown such gratifying confidence in my honesty. At parting he offered me a printed catalogue of the library, and when I, seeing a posted notice of the price, suggested payment, he waved it away, saying, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "*Bitte—mit Collegen!*" and I enjoyed the joke of a woman's presuming to be a librarian quite as much as he.

The public library at Nürnberg was open, according to the local guide-book, for two hours on three days in the week, but this proved to be for sight-seers who wished to see the archives and the library treasures and curios. To the citizens it was open from eight A. M. to five P. M. on these days, though this we had to discover for ourselves. It occupies, as so many German libraries seem to do, an old monastery building rendered useless for its original purpose by the Reformation. The walls in several of the rooms show traces of frescoes, though whitewash has almost succeeded in effacing them. If, however, these were no better than the ones that are left, nothing has been lost to the art-world, except possibly from the historic point of view. The building stands next the Rathhaus, and encloses a square court-yard as full of quaint carved surprises as most Nürnberg structures of ancient date. On the ground floor, in the dampness and mouldiness of which, strange to say, the library's choicest MSS. are kept, we were shown about in the usual perfunctory way, and in return emitted the usual perfunctory Ohs! and Ahs! of the sight-seer. Convinced

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that the citizens must have something to read besides these musty folios, we declined to be dismissed when the tour was finished, and asked for the *public* library. "The place where books are given out?" "Yes, yes, that is what we want." "That is up stairs, then," replied the attendant, and we followed him across the court-yard, realizing from his demeanor that we had asked an almost unheard-of thing. The librarian with one assistant was busy with his records, while a student was poring over some maps in the same room. The attendant went before us to prefer our request, and we were most hospitably treated, and informed that we might see the library throughout and draw books also during our week's stay. Here, however, as in Bayreuth, the idea of a woman being interested in libraries seemed to afford polite amusement to the library officials, which we thought was perhaps a fair return for our obligation.

There was a tiny reading-room in this old library in which one might be inspired to all sorts of mediæval dreams if one had time to sit in it, and plenty of imagination. The ceilings are groined, and the walls frescoed with monks and saints, while the windows are of thick circular pieces of colored glass set in iron. We asked how many books were added each year, and were told pensively, "Not many—we have only 1,500 marks for books." About four hundred borrowers used the library, the guide added. There was, as in Bayreuth, no formality in regard to taking the books wanted, beyond the signing of a receipt and the giving of our address. No limit was set to the number of books, nor time prescribed for returning them, though it was known that we were merely tourists at a hotel and that our stay was to be brief. Lest this recital of privileges should be misleading, I must say that we were accompanied by a professional letter of introduction, yet such is the apparent confidence of the Germans in one's honesty and good intentions that I think we might have obtained the same privileges without any voucher for our character.

When the time came to return the books, we had not quite finished one of them, yet the following day was that of our departure and a day when the library was not open. What could be done? We laid the matter before the librarian, who at once proved to us that nothing could be easier than the solution of this problem, by directing that the book be returned by means of a *Dienstmann* (messenger) or through the hotel porter after our departure. After this and the Bayreuth experiences, I began to ask myself if the iron-clad rules of many of our libraries in regard to non-residents might not be modified to advantage in the direction of a little more confidence in human nature. The value to the tourist even of studying or reading the history or literature appropriate to his place of sojourn may be easily recognized by the librarian who turns tourist for the nonce, and finds himself on the outside of the barrier erected by general consent between books and the people.

MARY W. PLUMMER.

Correspondence.

DETAIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The use of this verb and substantive, in the senses, 'to select as an officer or soldier for a division, brigade, regiment, or battalion,' and 'a selecting of officers or soldiers from the rosters,' evidently began in the United States. These definitions appear in 'Webster's Dictionary,' 1828, and I know of no other examples so early. Webster, however, cites *Law of Massachusetts* as his authority for the sense of the verb. Will some correspondent of the *Nation* kindly send me *at once* a dated quotation for the word from this source (my postal address is Dr. Murray, Oxford, England)? The sense does not seem to have been much known in England before the American civil war. It is much to be regretted that American dictionaries are so lamentably deficient in dealing with the history of words and senses of American origin, and that they leave it to Englishmen to do this work.

J. A. H. MURRAY.

OXFORD, October 8, 1894.

ROMAIC AND GREEK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The paper of M. Gennadios in the October *Forum* is essentially identical with many predecessors. Its doctrine is just what every Greek who can obtain a hearing in the Occident feels it his patriotic duty to preach. Mr. Alden's letter in your issue of yesterday is also fairly representative of what nearly every Philhellene feels, at a certain stage in his contact with the modern land, folk, and speech. Silence would probably be better strategy than any retort. A fairly uniform pronunciation of classic Greek, not very remote from the best attainable, has been secured in America. The natural force of conservatism will long be its best protector. But "Die Wahrheit ist auch gut Ding!"

Modern Romaic, as actually spoken by the Greek people, and as it may be read in their popular songs, comic papers, etc., is a phonetically debased patois, or group of patois, bearing about the same relation to classic Greek that the Neapolitan dialect does to literary Latin. That is, the words are mostly traceable to Hellenic roots; the spirit of the speech is modern. It is as analytical as, and hardly more highly inflected than, Plattdeutsch. It has no important literature.

It is a great pity Koraes and his friends did not introduce a rationally phonetic spelling, like that of Italian. Romaic has the same five vowel sounds as the latter; but the dead lumber of seven vowels, seven (or ten) "diphthongs," two breathings, three accents, etc., are part of a pedantic attempt to back this patois off towards Xenophontic Greek. The newspaper Greek, which we are told to talk, has quite an Hellenic appearance to the eye. It is sufficiently artificial to be a foreign speech to the Athenian himself. It is not the tongue in which he makes love, or quarrels, or chats with his wife, children, and friends. I once asked a Greek gentleman how one ought to say, "I cannot leave the room." He answered carefully, "Δὲν δύναμαι νὰ ἐξέλθω ἐκ τοῦ δωματίου." I laughed, and queried, "Yes—very elegant! And how do *you* really say it? "Well, *we* say: 'Δὲν ἠμπορῶ νὰ φύγω ἀπὸ τὴν κάμαραν.'" We must choose a mild example to be understood at all; but "Then imborò naffígo apotinggámeran" is, surely, a less close survival than is, *e. g.*, "Non posso uscire dalla camera." The evolution of "then" from οὐ is described by the modern Greek as οὐ = οὐδέν = δέν = then; *i. e.*, A = A + B = B = b'! A typical equation.

But even this elegant journalistic Greek has no trace of optative, infinitive, or ἄν; no true future or perfect, no dative (save in very "high style"). It is an easy language to acquire, but not a pleasant one, for those who really know their Platonic Greek.

To the amazement of many of us, the conviction has been uttered recently from the walls of Alma Mater herself, that we must eventually decide to make this modern patois our stepping-stone to the classical speech! That Prof. Goodwin, in particular, can feel any interest in a Greek which lacks all the elements just mentioned, seems strange. The essential question, however, is one which M. Gennadios keeps quite in the background. The thing really worth fighting over is the problem of Greek pronunciation. All unprejudiced scholars who have studied inscriptions, with their numberless variations in spelling from one city, generation, or even stone, to the next, know the ancients had a rational, and approximately phonetic, orthography. Now—to pass over such niceties as a fricative β and δ, the use of υ in the value of our *v* and *f*, the treatment of rough and smooth breathings as alike meaningless—the Romaic method would require us to pronounce *three* vowels and *four* diphthongs all alike *ee* (viz, η ι υ ει νι οι η). The indicative, subjunctive, and optative of any regular verb become identical, *e. g.*, λύεις λύῃς λύοις are all *lee-ees*. ἡμεῖς and ὑμεῖς are uttered precisely alike in each case. Or, again, ἧς (Latin *sis*), ἷς (*vis*), ὗς (*sus*), εἰς (*in*), οἷς (*quibus*), ἧς (*cujus*), and a dozen words besides, all become *ees!* Etc., *ad infinitum*.

The language of Sophocles and of Plato is still full of throbbing life and beauty for any who have the perception and the persistency needed to attain to its enjoyment. It is still, I say, alive; but through Romaic phonetics lies the road to death, indeed.

All this pedantry in Greece has been a misfortune to speech and people. It has substituted an artificial and unreal thing for a truly national and natural development. Real Romaic contains much interesting material for the professional philologist—*e. g.*, the mixed aorist form (like εἶπα) is found both in Homer and Herodotus and in Romaic. Such things are sometimes wonderful survivals, sometimes chance revivals. One remarkable power of distinction has been developed, not enjoyed by classic Greek or any well-known modern speech. The distinction between imperfect and aorist, *e. g.*, ἔτρωγον (I was eating, used to eat, etc.) and ἔφαγον (I ate then) can be made in the *future also*—θὰ τρώγω, θὰ φάγω. What a pity this interesting modern speech should wish to masquerade in borrowed plumes.

Perhaps you will permit me, having already encroached on your space too far, to refer to an article published a decade ago (*Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1885, pp. 399 ff., "Ancient and Modern Greek") for a fuller, though necessarily untechnical, discussion of these questions.

WM. C. LAWTON.

OCTOBER 12, 1894.

Notes.

MACMILLAN & CO. have undertaken to publish a series of works edited by a well-known Jewish scholar, and embraced under the general title of "The Jewish Library." No topics are yet announced. They have also in course of publication 'The Souvenirs of the Prince de Joinville.'

Fleming H. Revell Co. are on the point of bringing out 'Before He is Twenty; Phases of the Boy Question Considered,' by Mrs. Frances

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Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Lyman Abbott, and other writers.

A reprint of Alexander S. Withers's 'Chronicles of Border Warfare,' a history of the white settlement of northwestern Virginia, first published in 1831, is announced by Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati. Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites, secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, will edit this limited edition, which will not be stereotyped.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have in preparation 'England in the 19th Century,' by Mrs. Elizabeth W. Latimer, and 'Woman in Epigram,' compiled by Frederick W. Morton.

J. B. Lippincott's fall publications will embrace Masson's 'Napoleon at Home' and 'Napoleon and the Women of his Court,' and Waliszewski's 'Around a Throne (Catherine II. of Russia)'; 'Henry of Navarre and the Religious Wars,' by Edward T. Blair; 'Lives of the Astronomers,' by Robert S. Ball; 'Pen and Pencil Sketches,' by Henry Stacy Marks; 'Books and Plays,' by Allan Monkhouse; 'The Autobiography of a Boy,' by G. S. Street; William Hazlitt's 'Liber Amoris'; Mme. de Staël's 'Corinne'; the Translations of Thomas Carlyle, in three volumes; the Works of Sterne in six; and 'Early English Ballads,' chosen by R. Brimley Johnson, in four volumes.

Burrows Bros. Co., Cleveland, will issue a 'Narrative of Events in France from the Landing of Napoleon, March 1, 1815, to the Restoration of Louis XVIII.,' by Helen Maria Williams; and a new edition, with an index, of Martha Walker Freer's 'Life of Marguerite of Navarre.'

'The Gospel of Buddha, according to Old Records,' told by Paul Carus, is to be brought out by the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, and B. Westermann & Co., New York.

Ginn & Co. will have ready next month 'An Introduction to the Verse of Terence,' by Herman W. Hayley of Harvard; and in December 'A German Scientific Reader,' by Prof. G. Theodore Dippold of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The *Bookman* for October makes several interesting announcements. The late Walter Pater, it appears, has left behind him a considerable number of unpublished essays, which will be prepared for the press by his friend, Mr. C. L. Shadwell, the translator of Dante. The first volume to be issued will be a series of Greek studies, to be followed by another of the same general character as 'Imaginary Portraits.' Pater's unfinished 'Gaston de Latour' will also be republished. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, we are told, is not content with his successes in one branch of art—though they would seem to have been such as to suffice a more ambitious man who was also more self-critical—and is trying his hand at writing. Mr. John Lane will shortly publish a volume of his with a long title which begins, 'The Story of Venus and Tannhäuser.' Other forthcoming books are A. H. Millar's 'Fife: Pictorial and Historical,' a comprehensive county history, copiously illustrated (Messrs. Westwood of Cupar), and the *édition de luxe* of 'The Faerie Queen,' to be published by Mr. George Allen and illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane. This edition will come out in eighteen monthly parts, large post quarto, and one thousand copies will be printed. The text will follow as closely as is practicable the quartos of 1590 and 1596.

We have received from J. B. Lippincott Co. a new edition of Thiers's 'History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon,' in twelve volumes, and the first two volumes out of five of the same author's 'History of the French Revolution.' This revival we owe, of course, to the present rubbing up of the Napoleonic legend. Both issues are uniform in typography and binding, which are of the very best, and both are illustrated; and the larger work has an index of 76 pages. We can and need say no more to commend them to the attention of librarians and book-lovers; but we may hereafter improve the occasion to speak a little to their contents.

Other reprints of the week have been, first, Mr. Justin McCarthy's 'History of Our Own Times,' extended to date by Mr. G. Mercer Adam, who gives four chapters to events since Mr. Gladstone entered upon his second ministry in 1880, and a fresh literary survey, from which Edward FitzGerald is conspicuously absent. Mr. Adam's piecing is not a match for the original cloth in any aspect, but the two volumes, which are issued by Lovell, Coryell & Co., have of course gained in value for reference, especially as the index has been made anew and numerous portraits have been inserted. From T. Y. Crowell & Co. we have Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works in two volumes, with double-columned page, not to be remarked for beauty; and a two-volume edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, more attractive typographically, and neatly bound, as is the Scott. The altogether charming Dent-Macmillan Shakspere goes on with "As You Like It" and "The Taming of the Shrew." Lastly, we will mention a reissue of Dr. Holmes's poem 'The Last Leaf,' in the form illustrated by George Wharton Edwards and F. Hopkinson Smith (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The suggestion is obvious; but the publishers are able to prefix a facsimile of a letter of the genial author written July 12, 1894, relating to this edition, and speaking of himself as "one of the very last of the leaves which still cling to the bough of life that budded in the spring of the nineteenth century." "It was," he says, "with a smile on my lips that I wrote" the verses with which the melancholy Lincoln nursed his bruised affections.

Under the title of 'Studies in Folk-song and Popular Poetry' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Mr. Alfred M. Williams has printed a number of essays, some of which had already appeared as magazine or newspaper articles. "Studies" is a misnomer. The papers are intelligent and appreciative, well-written, usually well-informed; they show rather wide literary sympathies and some critical power; but they are not monographs or investigations. They range in subject from "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" to "Folk-songs of the Civil War"—nor could any range be less confined, for what the author calls (by another misnomer) "the folk-songs" of the war have little in common with genuine folk-song. The chapter on sailors' "shanties" is entertaining, but does not come to much. Those on Breton ballads, songs of Poitou, Hungary, etc., consist in large part of translated specimens. The selections are made with uniform good taste, but they are rendered with very various degrees of felicity. The sketch of William Thom, the weaver-poet, is delicately written and full of melancholy interest. As a whole, the book is good reading for a leisure hour and will win the author new friends.

Baedeker's 'Canada' (New York: Scribners) is a companion of his 'United States,' which met with such instant favor. It has been edited by the same skilful compiler, Mr. J. F. Muirhead, who has again drawn for assistance on the best talent. It is introduced by chapters on the Constitution of Canada by Dr. Boudinot, on geography and geology by Dr. Dawson, and on sports and pastimes by Messrs. Fuller and Chambers. With these are coupled the chief dates in Canadian history and a bibliography. The maps and plans are abundant, and include New York and vicinity, the Saguenay River, the Rocky Mountains Park of Canada, the coast of British Columbia and Alaska, the chief cities, etc. Newfoundland, which comes within the scope of this guide-book, is mapped only in connection with the continent. The text is free from flattery, and is not primarily concerned with patriotism or national vanity. On both sides of the line the book will be welcomed and trusted.

The monograph on Thomas Gainsborough by Walter Armstrong, which makes up the September number of the *Portfolio* (Macmillan), is a satisfactory piece of work and conveys a good idea of the character and art of the peppery rival of cool Sir Joshua. Gainsborough had little literary culture and few friendships with literary men, and has, therefore, not been embalmed in English literature as has Reynolds, whose name is a household word; but he was an artist to the finger-ends, and his achievement seems to us of a finer and rarer kind than Reynolds's own. How lovely and distinguished his best work is, is well shown by several of the illustrations, which are excellent, and convey as much as black and white can of the works of a colorist.

A correspondent in Chicago writes to us, under date of October 15: "In your last issue your reviewer speculates upon the reason for the title of 'Lives of Twelve Bad Men.' Does it not, obviously, refer back to 'Lives of Twelve Good Men,' by Dean Burgon, a book containing short histories of a dozen Oxford worthies, which was published in 1888?"

The article of greatest popular interest in the *Geographical Journal* for October is Mr. J. Theodore Bent's account of his recent expedition to the Hadramut in southern Arabia. This is a singular valley running for a hundred miles nearly parallel to the coast, and on the average about that distance from it, and inhabited by intensely fanatical Bedouins and Arabs. Though known from remotest antiquity as the centre of the trade in frankincense and myrrh, no European has succeeded in reaching it till last year, Mr. Bent's party being the second. The name means in the Himyaritic language 'valley of death,' which "in Hebrew form corresponds exactly to that of Hazarmaveth of the tenth chapter of Genesis." It is a fact, interesting especially to Biblical students, that the most sacred places in the valley are the primitive tombs of the legendary prophets Saleh and Hud (or Eber, a synonymous term), names which will be found in Genesis in close connection with that of the valley. The appearance of the valley from the arid plateau is very remarkable. It contains some fine and lofty palaces, rich in carving, and ruins of great antiquity, somewhat similar to those found in South Africa, and exhibiting a few Himyaritic inscriptions. The jealousy of some of the tribes, however, prevented any thorough exploration, which Mr. Bent reserves for a second expedition. Dr. Gregory describes the physical geography of British East Africa, and extracts are given from the journal of Captain Larsen kept during the voyage of the Norwegian whaler *Jason* to the Antarctic regions last winter. The unusual absence of ice enabled him to trace for a considerable distance south the hitherto unexplored coast of Graham Land. When farthest south less cold, fog, and snow were encountered than farther north.

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A rather dry account of Corsica, compact with information, scientific and historical, is contributed by Mr. R. Richardson to the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for October. The island is suffering at present from the repeal in 1888 of the commercial treaty between France and Italy. This has closed its sole market, Italy, as the French do not use the Corsican pine for shipbuilding, nor do they endeavor to develop the considerable mineral wealth of Corsica. Since at least half of the island is covered with forests, the author suggests that it would be greatly to the advantage of the Corsicans if this portion should be turned into a game preserve. There is an admirable map, showing the forests, the ore-beds, the roads, and even the paths.

Mr. E. Durand-Gréville has an interesting essay on "Les grains et les orages" (squalls and thunder-storms) in a recent number of the *Annales du Bureau Central Météorologique de France*, in which he shows the essential connection of these two classes of disturbances, when occurring in fully developed form. His work confirms the conclusions of various earlier students, and extends them to fuller statement and illustration, particularly in connection with a thunder-storm squall that swept over northwestern Europe on April 27, 1890. Its path and progress and the peculiar inflexion of the isobaric lines at the place of its occurrence are well illustrated.

Supplementary to the list of geographical lantern slides prepared for use in the Cambridge public schools by Prof. W. M. Davis, a standard list of cloud photographs and lantern slides has been made up from the collections in the Harvard geographical laboratory by Mr. R. DeC. Ward, assistant in meteorology. There are twenty-eight numbers in the list, which is published, with explanatory notes, in the *American Meteorological Journal* for July. The prints or slides may be obtained of E. E. Howell, 612 Seventeenth Street, Washington, who also acts as agent for the geographical slides.

We read in the *Bollettino* of the National Central Library of Florence, for September 15, of the steps being taken abroad to carry out the proposal made at Chicago last year of a society for the autotype reproduction of "non-tourist" manuscripts—*i. e.*, such MSS. as cannot be loaned out of the library. The proposer, Otto Hartwig, director of the University Library at Halle, has set in motion W. N. du Rieu, director of the University Library at Leyden, by designating this library as the seat of the proposed organization. Leading librarians have been consulted as to the practical details of operation and maintenance, and an agreement is likely to be reached in the course of the present year.

—Macmillan & Co. have just published, in two neat volumes, a cheap but well-printed edition of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' prepared by Mr. A. W. Pollard. The text follows the Ellesmere MS. in the main, departing from it only under compulsion. The notes, which are at the bottom of the page, have no pretensions to originality or research. They aim to convey such information, in the way of glosses and the clearing up of allusions, as is absolutely necessary to the everyday reader, and in this they are tolerably successful. By a strange error of editorial judgment, these purely practical notes are encumbered with a considerable number of various readings. If variants are in place at all in an edition of this kind—which we doubt, except so far as they are necessary to record departures from the manuscript chosen as the basis of the text—they should, in mercy to the reader, be kept by themselves. The preliminary matter is confined to a rambling "Introduction" of about thirty pages, which is pleasantly enough written, but in no way distinguished. The second volume has a brief glossary, which omits references. Altogether, the edition is not one to be greeted with much enthusiasm, so far as the editor's work is concerned; but publishers and printer have done their part well, and the volumes are undeniably handy.

—The good example which the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Stubbs (then Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford), set as long ago as 1870, in the publication of a convenient collection of original documents for the use of historical students, is at last being followed by other English scholars. Mr. S. R. Gardiner has recently produced a volume of 'Constitutional Documents of the Puritan Revolution, 1628-1660'; and now Mr. Frothero of King's College, Cambridge, has supplied us with a companion volume for the preceding period, in his 'Select Statutes and Other Constitutional Documents Illustrative of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan). It is a careful and scholarly piece of work, including a considerable number of official papers very necessary for an understanding of the period, but hitherto unprinted; and it is preceded by a long, judicious, and dignified introduction. Such a book will be very useful to students of every kind, and it will be especially handy for the purposes of teaching. It is the last thought, however, that somewhat diminishes our satisfaction. The one thing lacking in the book—as in Dr. Stubbs's 'Select Charters'—is an account of the sources from which the documents and excerpts are drawn, though most of them are easily accessible in a good library. Such an account would not only have enabled readers the better to appreciate the significance of the passages set before them, but would have suggested to at least a few of them that it was not so very difficult to go to the sources for themselves. German historians may have made too much of their "Quellen" and "Litteratur"; English historians, partly under the influence of the belles-lettristic spirit, partly, as in this case, from a certain schoolmasterly temper, have certainly made too little of them. The main thing, it may be answered, is that students should understand the period itself, and a few documents carefully considered may do more to this end than hundreds hastily turned over. This is true, and we would by no means imply that the German method is in all respects the best. And yet it does seem a pity in various ways that men should be able to study history for a couple of years at a great university and distinguish themselves in the examinations, without its ever being suggested to them to go to the library shelves and take down the *Statutes of the Realm* or the *Fœdera*. We can hardly be surprised at the little original work that has hitherto come out of the History Schools in Oxford and Cambridge, excellent as their services to England have been in other ways.

—M. A. Rebière publishes as a separate brochure a part of his forthcoming book on 'Mathematics and Mathematicians,' under the title 'Les Femmes dans la Science' (Paris: Librairie Nony). By "science" he means, however, only mathematical science. He gives an interesting account, not quite too French, of Hypatia, Madame du Châtelet, Agnesi, Sophie Germain, Mrs. Somerville, and, greatest of them all, Kovalevsky. In regard to Sophie Germain, he quotes this sentence from Navier apropos of one of her works: "I appreciate as it deserves a memoir so remarkable that few men can read it, and that only one woman could have written it." He suggests that an epigraph prefixed to one of Poinsot's books, "Sophiæ germana mathesis," contained an allusion to the fair mathematician. In this connection we may call attention to the fact that the second instalment of Kovalevsky's 'Souvenirs d'Enfance,' which is now appearing in the *Revue de Paris*, is a human document of very unusual interest. The central figure of the picture of life on a Russian estate, so far, is not the mathematician herself, but her sister—a remarkable character, whose development is depicted with great dramatic force.

—The extent to which therapeutic experiments in hypnotic suggestion are exciting the attention of physicians and awakening the interest of the general public, may be inferred from the fact that during the past year more than a hundred books and brochures, especially devoted to the discussion of this subject, have been published. One of the most valuable of these is the small volume just issued by Bong in Berlin, entitled 'Die Bedeutung der hypnotischen Suggestion als Heilmittel.' The author, Dr. J. Grossmann, editor of the *Zeitschrift für Hypnotismus*, prints communications from thirty of the most eminent professors and physicians of Europe, giving the results of their experience in the application of hypnotic suggestion to the healing of disease. Thus Van Ceden and Van Reuterghem of Amsterdam report that from May 5, 1887, to June 30, 1893, in the institution under their charge, 1,098 patients were subjected to this treatment; of these 28.28 per cent. were entirely cured, 23.69 per cent. permanently improved, 21.02 per cent. slightly bettered, 17.81 per cent. unaffected, and in 9.18 per cent. of the cases the results are unknown. Dr. Wetterstrand of Stockholm has used this method of medical treatment in 7,000, and Dr. Bernheim of Nancy in 12,000 cases, and both express themselves strongly in favor of it. Indeed, Dr. Bernheim does not hesitate to declare that the study of hypnotic suggestion should be made obligatory in all medical schools, and that nowadays a physician who ignores the psychical element in disease, and has no knowledge of the part it plays in pathogeny and therapeutics, is no better than a horse-doctor, and should confine himself to veterinary practice. Another important point brought out by Dr. Krafft-Ebing of Vienna is the influence of "autosuggestion" in the production of disease. The number of ailments and morbid conditions of this kind that have their origin in the nervous system and are indicated by pains, paralysis, and other symptoms of hysterical, hypochondriac, and neurasthenic affections, is astonishing. Although not merely imaginary complaints, they cease with the removal of the "autosuggestive cause," which may be effected by any change of scene banishing it from the thoughts or by heterosuggestion (*Fremdsuggestion*) on the part of a physician, who may impart it verbally or in the disguise of a dose of medicine. In obstinate cases, in which the autosuggestion is firmly intrenched in mental imbecility, superstition, morbid appetites and passions, inveterate habits, or abnormities of character, recourse must be had to hypnotism. That the

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great majority of mankind are capable of being hypnotized is shown by the experiments of Dr. Freiherr von Schrenk-Notzing of Munich on 8,705 persons of different nationalities, of whom only 6 per cent. proved to be entirely unsusceptible.

SKEAT'S CHAUCER.—I.

The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited from numerous manuscripts, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D., etc. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1894. Vols. I.–IV.

THE appearance of Chaucer's complete works in an edition prepared by so distinguished a scholar as Prof. Skeat may, without exaggeration, be called an event of much consequence in the annals of English literature. Chaucer has now been popular, with one or two intervals of comparative neglect, for quite five hundred years, and his popularity (we are not speaking of mere bookshelf reputation) is steadily growing; yet there has been no issue of his complete works since 1721. All later editions omit the Boethius and the 'Astrolabe.' Apart from the mere question of absolute completeness, however, Prof. Skeat's volumes mark a date in our literary history. Chaucer's poems have been printed over and over again in this century, but in editions for which even their publishers would scarcely claim more than a stop-gap importance. The widely circulated Aldine edition is handy in form, and contains Sir Harris Nicolas's indispensable "Life"; but it has no notes, and its text is often grotesquely bad. 'Bell's Chaucer' was patched up afresh some years ago, and has maintained itself by dint of being inexpensive and annotated; it too has a poor text, and its notes are not first-rate. The Riverside edition is by its plan restricted to very brief notes, almost exclusively glossarial. Volumes of selections intended for educational purposes are beside the question. The present edition, then, is the first which undertakes to furnish a critical text, founded on serious study of the manuscripts, and to provide all necessary literary and philological apparatus.

It would be superfluous to descant on Prof. Skeat's qualifications for this task. His command of Middle English, his long experience in editing manuscripts, his learning and acuteness, his stupendous industry, and, finally, the nature and extent of his special Chaucerian scholarship, are known wherever our language is studied. The announcement of such a work from such a hand roused very particular expectancy, and its steady progress is matter for congratulation. The four volumes thus far published contain all Chaucer's writings. The fifth volume will contain notes on the 'Canterbury Tales,' together with "all necessary helps for the study of Chaucer, such as remarks on the pronunciation, grammar, and scansion"; the sixth and last volume will furnish the glossary and the index to the whole set. In the present notice we shall confine ourselves to the first three volumes, deferring, for obvious reasons, our observations on the fourth, which contains the text of the Canterbury Tales with an introduction on the manuscripts, until the appearance of the fifth volume.

The annalistic "Life of Chaucer," which stands at the head of the edition, is, in its kind, admirable. Written concisely and with great care, it gives, within the compass of sixty pages, everything known about the poet, with full foot-note references to documents and authorities. For Chaucer's birth Mr. Skeat allows 1330 and 1340 as possible termini, but opines that shortly before 1340 "fits best with *all* the facts"—a highly probable conclusion. He sticks to his belief that Chaucer met Petrarch in Italy in 1373, refusing to admit the ambiguous and nugatory character of the evidence; but he does not much fortify his case by arguing that Chaucer could hardly have got a copy of Petrarch's 'Griselda' unless the author gave it to him or helped him to it. His further comments on this transaction (vol. iii., pp. 454, 455) are not in his best style. The Cecilia Chaumpayne affair is too curtly dismissed, but not without a hint that the "little Lowys" for whom the 'Astrolabe' was composed may have been an illegitimate child. Prof. Lounsbury's interesting discussion is not even referred to. The evidence about Thomas Chaucer is well summed up, and we are glad to see that Mr. Skeat admits its cogency. "There is a high probability," he says, that Thomas was the poet's son. We have never understood how scholars could refuse credit to Gascoigne's express testimony, supported as it is by the heraldic argument.

In marked contrast to most previous biographers, Mr. Skeat refuses to dilate on the romantic story of disappointed love and unhappy marriage which has been extracted from the poet's writings by ingenious critics. A well-digested list of the personal allusions in Chaucer happily replaces the long-familiar string of surmises and assumptions. In this reserve we detect the influence of the lively protest in Prof. Lounsbury's recent 'Studies.' There is only one hypothesis of the usual sort that Mr. Skeat "feels justified in making." The death of the poet's wife, he believes, was "a serious loss to him in one respect at least. Most of his early works are reasonably free from coarseness; whereas such tales as those of the Miller," etc., "can hardly be defended." If this conjecture is not a very important contribution to knowledge, it is at least harmless. One other little departure from his reserve in this kind of biography must be noticed. Chaucer, Mr. Skeat tells us, "complains feelingly of the somewhat severe pressure of his official duties." The delightful passage in the 'Hous of Fame' here referred to contains not a word to which any such turn can fairly be given. The poet simply tells us that, when his work is done and his reckonings all made, he goes home to study, instead of taking rest and recreation. There is no suggestion of complaint. This bit of overstrained interpretation is repeated in the introduction to the 'Hous of Fame' in vol. iii.

In his utterances about the chronology of Chaucer's writings, we find Mr. Skeat holding fast to the prevalent opinion that by 1391 "the Canterbury Tales had ceased to make much progress," or, in other words, that the last nine years of the poet's life were a time of comparative barrenness. We could wish he had stated more fully the considerations which led him to subscribe to this opinion. At least he might have made clearer the significant fact that it rests mainly on a biographical convention as to the course of any poet's life and the rise and decadence of any poet's powers. It is time for somebody to overhaul the chronological table of Chaucer's works from top to bottom. Though the evidence is as scanty as possible, the guesses and "combinations" of philologists are fast hardening into dogma, with the usual result. One recent and peculiarly absurd fancy Mr. Skeat registers himself against, and that is Dr. Koeppel's belief that the 'Saint Cecile' was written after the 'Troilus'!

Besides the Life, volume i. contains the 'Romaunt of the Rose' and the Minor Poems, with introductions and notes. Mr. Skeat pronounces unequivocally for the first 1,705 verses of the 'Romaunt' as genuine, and rejects all the rest. Unhappily we cannot be sure that this is his present view. The introduction is dated, parenthetically, 1891—three years before publication. In these three years the 'Romaunt' controversy has not been quiet, and Mr. Skeat has been in the thick of the fight. His note on v. 5810, apparently written some time after his introduction, indicates that he was then giving way in his rejection of vv. 5811–7698. It is a great pity that the ordinary device resorted to to keep introductions up to date—pagination in Roman numerals—was neglected in this volume. This oversight is not repeated in vols. i. and ii., in which, therefore, we seem to have a better chance of getting information of the same date as the imprint.

Neither preface nor notes make any mention of Prof. Lounsbury's elaborate attempt to prove Chaucer the author of the whole of the English 'Romaunt.' This is a serious omission, for which, however, Mr. Skeat has already suffered abundant penalty. Taken to task by an English reviewer, he accounted for his omission in a public letter which was brought to Prof. Lounsbury's notice, and which really demanded a rejoinder. In this reply Mr. Skeat was not only accused of being illogical—a rather common *quid pro quo* among scholars—but, along with all English-speaking persons who reject Mr. Lounsbury's theory, was consigned to the limbo of—those who either lack the literary sense or are suffering from "its partial paralysis." If inability to believe in the Chaucerian authorship of fragment B of the 'Romaunt' were really enough to send one packing thither, this limbo would indeed be, so far as Middle English scholars are concerned, "to few unknown"; for we know of nobody capable of weighing the linguistic evidence who accepts Mr. Lounsbury's extreme views. The present edition includes all three fragments, but prints the second and third in smaller type. The text has been industriously revised throughout, and the commentary is new and useful.

The rest of volume i. is occupied by the Minor Poems, with a long introduction and very full notes. At this point the editor was confronted with the question how to use his own previously published material. Mr. Skeat's Clarendon Press edition of the Minor Poems—including the 'Hous of Fame'—came out in 1888, and met with well deserved praise from every quarter. It was less elementary than his selections from the 'Canterbury Tales' in the same series, and, in fact, needed but slight modifications to make it into an acceptable library edition. Accordingly, in the present volume, and in the part of volume iii. allotted to the 'Hous of Fame,' we are presented with a revision of the 'Minor Poems' of 1888. This is right and proper. The trouble is that the revision has not been quite thorough. Indeed, the attempt to use the 1888 volume as copy for the printer has resulted in two or three inconsistencies for which bibliographers will not be grateful. Of 'An Amorous Complaint' Mr. Skeat remarks, in a sentence taken word for word from his former work, that "this piece, so far as he knows, has never before been printed." Farther down on the same page he speaks of "first printing the text in 1888," and on the next page he tells what plan he adopted "in reprinting the text in the present volume." Here the confusion corrects itself, and is therefore merely disfiguring without being decep-

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tive; but with regard to the 'Balade of Compleynt,' a similar transference from the older work commits the editor to an uncancelled statement that the poem "has not been printed before," when, thanks to his own efforts, it has, in fact, been public property ever since 1888. Again, the discussion of Lydgate's maddening "Dant in English" was in place in section 3 of the introduction to the 1888 volume; in the present edition it should have been carried over to volume iii., in which the 'Hous of Fame' is printed.

These criticisms concern what may be called externals. We pass on to examine how far the interval between 1888 and 1894 has been utilized in those processes of minute correction and improvement which are possible only when a prodromus exists. Here much has been done, but much has been passed over, sometimes deliberately—the editor maintaining his old position—sometimes, we fear, hastily. In the comments that follow we shall not try to distinguish between these categories, contenting ourselves with indicating some points in which we had hoped for improvement, or at least for modification, and in which we find no change, or not change enough.

Ten Brink in effect retracted the doctrine ascribed to him in the note on ii, 38. *Heritage* can hardly be in the genitive (ii, 71), nor does the passage demand any twist so extraordinary. In 'Book of the Duchesse,' v. 23, no emendation is needed. In the note to the same poem, v. 37, the "long, early, and hopeless love theory" is treated with more favor than the "Life" had led us to expect. We are surprised to find Mr. Skeat apparently still taking "that is doon" as meaning "my passion is over"—a sense which the context refutes. The note on v. 78 still presents us with an incredible subjunctive. The injudicious insertion of *look* in v. 206 is still insisted on, as well as the unnecessary change of *for such* to *at whiche* in the next line. In the note on v. 332 Warton's remark that "there is reason to believe that Chaucer copied [certain] imageries from the romance of Guigemar" is retained, apparently with approval; yet nobody has ever pointed out in what this "reason" consists. In the note to v. 368, Sarrazin's edition of 'Octavian' should have been mentioned. The distorted interpretation of 'Book of the Duchesse,' vv. 1199–1201, is retained. It is due to a failure to recognize the interjectional *with sorwe*. The punctuation in the text is quite wrong. Mr. Skeat feels the inadequacy of his attempt at explanation, suggesting, after all, an emendation, but none is necessary. In the note to 'Parlement of Foules,' v. 364, the explanation of "farwel, feldefare" (repeated in the note to 'Troilus,' iii, 861), is unlikely, though given with that confidence which Prof. Skeat has some right to feel, but which may often mislead his disciples. In v. 411 the remark about *this is* and *this* is incomplete in its references, and erroneous in its statement that neither *this* nor *is* has an ictus in the present line. The particularly unhappy explanation of v. 510 is retained. In v. 556 "his large golee" hardly means "his tedious gabble"; both context and humor are against it. In 'Former Age,' *forpampered* is rather "spoilt by pampering" than "exceedingly pampered." In the 'Envoy to Scogan,' v. 15, it is really too bad to explain *goddes* as *goddesse*—*i. e.*, Venus. In v. 7 of the same poem "error" must mean abnormality, not "ignorance, false opinion."

We observe that Mr. Skeat is still sure that Lydgate meant the 'Hous of Fame' by "Dant in English." For our part we cannot interpret Lydgate either in this phrase or in the context. Mr. Skeat's explanation does not carry conviction. In connection with 'Chaucer's Dreme' (p. 44), Brandl's allegorical interpretation is not mentioned, though it has met with some favor. The remark that "'The Dreme of a Lover' is the same poem, I suppose, as 'The Temple of Glas'" should not have survived, in that form, in a volume dated 1894. The statement (p. 63) that the familiarity with the 'Roman de la Rose' shown by Chaucer in the 'Book of the Duchesse' "is such as to prove that he had already been employed in translating it," should not stand without a caveat. We regret that Mr. Skeat maintains his opinion about the genuineness of the "envoy" of 'Flee from the Press.' "There is no reason at all for considering it spurious," he says (p. 553). Two reasons are discernible: (1) it exists in but a single manuscript; (2) it is poor and spoils a beautiful poem. It is curious, by the way, that no editor of Chaucer has yet noted that 'Flee from the Press' occurs in Tottel's Miscellany, among the "sonnets and songs of incertain authors."

'TRILBY' AND OTHER NOVELS.

Lord Ormont and his Aminta. By George Meredith. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Trilby. By George Du Maurier. Harper & Bros.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. D. Appleton & Co.

Highland Cousins. By William Black. Harper & Bros.

Vignettes of Manhattan. By Brander Matthews. Harper & Bros.

THE story and the exposition are as easily separable in 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta' as in any of Mr. Meredith's novels. Such a method has advantages; the many who take their fiction lightly can get, in an idle hour, an assured outline sharply accented with dramatic situations, can smile, sigh, forget, and go about their business; the few who take their fiction seriously have matter for solemn consideration and endless perplexity. Wrathful discontent may fill the souls of those who clamor for a fusion of parts into a symmetrical whole, who prefer a smooth highroad to a blazed trail; but let such eschew Mr. Meredith—they cannot walk together. He cannot help himself. His work is the product of two independent sets of faculties, or else of one human set and that useful adjunct which theosophists call an astral. An astral is like an oracle: plain speaking would ruin its reputation. It demands a special cult, and only the elect may interpret. In considering Mr. Meredith's disquisitions we cling to the hypothesis of an astral, for by frankly admitting incompetence to wrestle with superhuman powers our opinions may not be branded as quite below a decent standard of intelligence.

The story of Lord Ormont and his Aminta is very pretty and interesting, pitched in a romantic key as its name indicates, with a central situation and at least two characters, Lord Ormont and his sister, Lady Charlotte, unavailable for a chronicler of this moment of the collapse of caste, yet consistent with the ascribed period, and done with succinctness, clearness, and force. The drama is old, older than the lines,

> "Crabbed age and youth
> Cannot live together";

and the outcome is probably inevitable, if the sweet shepherd be high and the damsel or dame inviting in ways as unmistakable as the tuneful lay. Things that are inevitable are not always right or just or admirable, and he is a wise man and a good artist who in fiction lets his doubtful case rest on the facts and feeling, attempting no argumentative justification. When Aminta and her high-minded young lover go off together, the venture appears natural, and plausible palliation is readily imagined; but when we are counselled to observe an imperative urgency for such a proceeding other than human desire, and resting on a personal interpretation of divine law, then we reflect that Aminta had no case against Lord Ormont presentable even in a Sioux City divorce court, and we refuse to admit that black is white.

Here we arrive at Mr. Meredith's exposition, which, according to his privileged interpreters, is a thing for wonder and reverence. To approach it in a plain, blunt way, we may say that it is not elucidatory; the thought which sufficient grim patience will finally extract is hidden in artificial form and eccentric phraseology; the pronouns avoid their nouns as carefully as the last part of a German compound verb shuns the first; floundering sentences laden with unusual words of Greek extraction alternate with interjections in crude vernacular. There is no fluency, no grace, no lucidity—nothing but an occasional outburst of epigram to redeem page after page from chaos; and yet a small and precious group is positive in declaring that Mr. Meredith will pass into an English classic—for his style, of course, since it is style that lives. We have some English prose classics, and a hasty mental retrospect over two centuries suggests that a schoolgirl could parse every page, and that perception of the thought and of the lucidity and exactness of expression is simultaneous. The tests are slight, perhaps mean, but not wholly worthless for basing prophecy. English judges by establishing precedent frequently achieve fame; if Mr. Meredith is to live as a great master of English style, it will be (*pace* high-priests) for the same reason.

Picture the consternation among the savants of unborn ages falling upon a volume of Mr. Meredith's novel and Mr. Du Maurier's 'Trilby' simultaneously! If one be a specimen of later nineteenth-century English, what under heaven is, or was, the other? Grammarians will burn their books and there shall be no rules laid down for the barbarous dead language without an interminable string of exceptions. As tough bits for construing, the authors, we believe, will prove about equally seductive, and those works now regarded as classics appear in comparison as primers. Mr. Meredith's English is as positively and indisputably his own as are his eyes and hair, and Mr. Du Maurier's English (when it isn't French) is that tongue, far from undefiled, which is babbled by the million, stamped with the flitting fashion of the hour, fluently and brilliantly up to date. For a thinly disguised personal memoir, which we take this book to be as surely as if the author had frankly owned it, no language could be more vivid, no manner more attractive. The style, compared with that of 'Peter Ibbetson,' falls short in delicacy, finish, and repose; but then that was a deliberately planned tragedy done with becoming gravity, whereas the really important and interesting matter in 'Trilby' makes no demand for serious and dignified expression.

The love story on which the sketches of persons, scenes, and events are strung is effusively sentimental and unimpressive. Trilby's devoted love for Little Billee is a graceful assumption not made credible; and indeed the

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vivacious grisette, wherever she is asserted to differ from and soar above any Mimi or Nanon or Lisette of the Latin Quarter in fact or fiction, is herself a fiction, a fantasy, a dream. When an author makes good in action his assertions about a character, he has created something; there is no smug self-complacency in beholding his work and exclaiming, Well done! It would be hard for Mr. Du Maurier to make good his ecstatic chaunts to Trilby, and, perhaps, vaguely conscious of an impossibility, he has not concerned himself about the matter at all. His beautiful pictures of her, especially the portrait head, are quite convincing as to her physical loveliness, but there are certain beauties of character and conduct of which a charming face and figure unfortunately give no assurance. Many can yield to that charm to the extent of saying, "Poor Trilby!" but few can heartily cry, "Virtuous, heroic, sublime Trilby!" It is odd, and we think an evidence of the small pains bestowed on the realization of the character, that the author permits her, with her own hand, to repudiate his encouraging adjectives, and decline to be regarded as a *Naturkind*, knowing not good from evil. In the fit of shame born of Little Billee's horror at finding her posing for the nude in an atelier, she writes a letter which, among other curious information, contains the names of the men with whom she has had temporary liaisons, and the comment: "I knew how wrong it was all along—there is no excuse for me—none." Be it observed, too, that she writes this letter to a man (clean-minded and honest, but still a man), and one cannot feel that that is a thing to be admired as a genuine first step towards the strait gate and the narrow way. It may be remarked here, parenthetically, that the dislike, amounting to horror, felt by Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee, of Trilby's posing for the "altogether," doesn't jibe with the author's authoritative declaration that to all artists (except those whom he thinks very little of) "nothing is so chaste as nudity." If this be true, why was not Trilby's exhibition of her body regarded as a practical lesson in the encouragement of high thought and fine feeling, salutary both for herself and the staring mob of heathen?

When Trilby, intimidated by her lover's respectable relatives, runs away from friends and lovers, there is a suspicion that she has gone in chase of a similar respectability; but her reappearance, singing like a thousand nightingales under the magic influence of Svengali, removes her from the commonplace, quite from the actual, clean into fairyland. Frankly acknowledged as a creature outside of human experience, she is well used as a splendid central figure for thrilling dramatic scenes. Would that we had been spared her lingering death, with all the display of her catholic taste in men implied by the perpetual fondling of her dear, clean, living Englishmen, and lamentation over her equally dear, dirty, dead Polish Jew. A sigh, scarce a tear, may be given to Little Billee taking her demise so much to heart. Still, in moments of anguish, he could not hope to have for ever the support of Taffy's strong arm and the solace of his bed; so, having achieved fame and loved and lost, it was perhaps well that he should depart and be at peace.

Though, in reviewing 'Trilby,' apology for particularizing defects in the presentation of the title character is superfluous, we offer one, for it limits the opportunity to dwell upon the pleasure given by all the rest. It may be objected that no group of people ever is or was so adorable as most of the company in which we walk, but the first test is that Mr. Du Maurier makes them appear so. He also makes Svengali appear the most loathsome of men, justifying by the wretch's behavior an amazing torrent of vituperative description. Long ago, how he must have hated a Svengali, and how he must have loved a Taffy and a Laird and all that gay, kind, happy company who call to mind our Thackeray and Mürger and Dumas and Béranger, yet make each a place in the heart distinctively his own. For we return to the impression that the author has narrated things which he himself saw and of which he was a part, and when he was not, as he says he now is, a "respectable old Briton of the upper middle class," but a genial and even frolicsome young Briton emancipated from class by his sympathies and genius. And by casting back over a long line of years, between memory and imagination, he has written chapters of real life glorified by the most tender and enchanting romance—told us of a dead past all radiant, and glowing now with the purple light of a vanished youth.

Certain ancient axioms enshrine such highly concentrated, frozen truth that struggle to discredit them is vain and profitless. It is with reluctance that we number among these "A woman's face is her fortune," because we are heartily in sympathy with every movement which tends to indicate for women roads to fortune more immediately in their own control. Unless there be a conspiracy among the accredited delineators of contemporary life, the gentlemen novelists, to stifle either by ridicule or neglect movements dangerous to masculine supremacy, we are compelled to believe that the women of to-day, in divers mass-meetings assembled, are but frantically beating their heads against stone walls, and that the important issues of life are still decided for them by nature, as it was in the beginning. That the small fry should indite innumerable histories turning on the look in a girl's eyes or the shape of her nose, is a trifle, signifying nothing; but from novelists, arrived, for various reasons, at eminence and in many directions abreast with the times, a recognition of the influence of a girl's mind on her destiny may not unreasonably be expected. It is true that Mr. Meredith, Mr. Du Maurier, and Mr. Caine in 'The Manxman,' do labor to ascribe to their heroines some glimmer of intelligence, some graces and virtues not immediately perceptible to the naked eye; but the effort is perfunctory—everything turns on an accident of line and color. Perhaps Mr. Caine's novel would have missed the emotional effects of dramatic contrast had he endowed Kate Cregeen with attractions less obvious than those of a handsome animal; yet, with Philip Christian's intellectual refinement and fundamental goodness of nature always in evidence, the feeling is that the temptation offered was not enough, and that his final expiation of sin was an exaggeration of the requirements of honor and morality. Such would surely be the judgment if Mr. Caine had undertaken to solve an abstract question of conduct; but a modification comes with the reflection that he is not generalizing or typifying. Christian's character, his surroundings, his circumstances, are all exceptional. His insistent mental rectitude demanded first of all, for peace, that he should stand well with himself, and his spirituality that he should strive to be acceptable in the sight of God. He had a horror of false appearances, of disloyalty, of lies; and when, after the first betrayal of his friend Quilliam's trust, he saw abysses of infamy gaping before him, he was not able to make an escape at the cost of Quilliam's despair. So he kept on doing abominable things, always a prey to the most poignant self-accusation, till, at last, there was nothing left but death or public confession, and open assumption of all the consequences of his own and Kate Cregeen's sins. His choice of the latter course was heroic, and fortunately the Isle of Man appears to remain as a proper scene for a display of dramatic passion which elsewhere would seem theatrical and improbably sensational.

The conception of Christian's character is grand and tragic, and the permanent shadow of doom serves only to concentrate interest on the motive, not diminishing the naturalness of the movement or hampering the vitality of the minor figures. The plan of the book is very wide—as wide as the life of its locality—drawn with consummate art and perfected by scrupulous care in detail. In a work that implies so much deliberate arrangement, the absence of artificiality and of strained invention is most noticeable. If there be such an inexplicable force as inspiration capable of possessing a man and abiding with him until the work which he has to do is done, we are willing to believe that Mr. Caine wrote 'The Manxman' under its influence.

Mr. Black makes no sort of concessions to the woman movement. The Barbara Maclean whom he celebrates in 'Highland Cousins' has marvellous Highland eyes and wondrous crinkly hair. Most of her instincts are wrong, most of her impulses are vulgar; nevertheless, she inspires passion in the ascetic breast of a handsome, scholarly, and very dull young man, whom, when piqued by the frigidity of another young man, she reluctantly marries. Eventually she dies in jail, whither the law, insensible to the charm of eyes and hair, has removed her for stealing gauds from a draper's shop. We have no certain information of her death, but are led to infer it by an illustration of the bereaved husband standing with an appropriate air of dejection beside a tombstone, and by his second marriage as subsequently chronicled. A considerable fraction of the average human life is needed for the writing of a book, even a worthless one, and we cannot pretend to arrive at Mr. Black's reasons for devoting that fraction largely to the doings of a monument of inanity and ignorance. We prefer to think that he really meant to write a book in glorification of golf; but since the game, cheerful and invigorating though it is, could not be made to run through four hundred pages, he fell into despondency between "holes," and wrote without rhyme or reason. In his day Mr. Black has written up many games and musical instruments at the moments of their vogue, but we recall no description in which he is so spirited as in this of the once national, now almost universal, game of golf. Golf brings out character mostly of a bad sort, such as meanness, spite, vainglory, and a marked proficiency in blasphemy. If Mr. Black had permitted the village minister to play with the councillor, what awful revelations might have been made! But we are thankful for his game, whoe'er the players, and deplore its unhappy juncture with a romance so meaningless, chill, and dreary.

In 'Vignettes of Manhattan' Mr. Matthews renders twelve impressions of New York with admirable clearness and much grace. From the collection a vivid picture may be drawn of the great city under summer and winter skies, of its unrest and immense variety of in-

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terest, and of the horrible detachment of the individual from the life swarming about him. Some of the impressions include a complete episode, others give only a hint of an incident, as it were, a conjecture from a face seen at a window, a figure noted on a crossing. Occasionally there is a discordance between what, for lack of a better expression, may be called the human note and the sentiment of the scene. A suggestion more harmonious than that of relentless jealousy might have been elicited from the gayety and suavity of "A Private View." The violent death of Clay Magruder jars on the stillness of "A Midsummer Night," and the only relief to shocked sensibilities lies in the reflection that upper corridors of burning hotels do not fall in before smoke has penetrated the rooms opening upon them. Slight defects in art do not, however, seriously impair the good effect of the whole, and may easily be forgotten before the distinguished excellence of such a bit as "A Thanksgiving-Day Dinner." There the agreement of scene, sentiment, and incident is absolute, while a dozen pages include two telling sketches of character and a whole tragic history, with the reason of it.

Life and Letters of Erasmus: Lectures delivered at Oxford 1893-94, by J. A. Froude. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

JUST twenty-four years ago, Mr. Froude delivered before a popular audience at Newcastle three lectures upon "The Times of Erasmus and Luther," which were afterward printed in the first volume of his 'Short Studies on Great Subjects.' Now, as Regius Professor of Modern History, he comes back to the same topic, and reads to the students of Oxford twenty lectures upon the life and letters of the great scholar of the North. One would expect that the difference in his audience would have made some difference in the method of his work: that in lectures addressed to the highest body of students in the land we should find something of the method, if not of the machinery, of scholarship. We should fancy that the man holding the highest position in the English academic world would wish to leave upon his student audience some impress different from that which he would hope to make upon the "intelligent public."

Of such distinction, however, we find little trace. Mr. Froude's style is here, as always, lively to the point of gayety. It bristles with pithy generalities which, upon occasion, take the place of matter more to the point. He has the literary sense which enables him to select the dramatic moments in his subject and to put them together in telling fashion. These lectures are interesting reading, and ought to have been attractive to Oxford students as an evening's entertainment; but one cannot help wondering what must be the mental comments of the higher student body which finds its highest university authorities dealing out such pabulum as this. We are not informed as to the actual attendance upon these lectures; it would be safe to assume that the casual visitor and the Oxford young person formed the bulk of the audience, for it has long been an open scandal of the English universities that their great lights cannot get a hearing from the students. Professors have complained, doubtless with good reason, that this neglect was because their instruction was not aimed at the examination test, which seems likely to work woe upon English scholarship. Students have replied that the professors' lectures were not worth their serious attention; and the students' contention, if we may judge from the present volume and from the specimens with which this country has been regaled, has very much to be said for it.

In fact, the chief interest of these lectures is as an indication of the standard which the highest English academic authority sets for the instruction to be given by its chiefest ornaments. Mr. Froude says that if you want to understand both a man and his time, you cannot do better than to study his letters; and so, from beginning to end, he makes not a reference to anything but the letters of Erasmus. Unquestionably, to write of a man without using his letters would be the rankest folly, but to use nothing else is hardly wiser. To accept Erasmus's written estimate of himself is too much even for Mr. Froude, but he helps himself out with "probably" and "perhaps," instead of seeking in other sources for evidence which might serve to correct the impression of the letters.

According to Mr. Froude, the keynote of Erasmus's character is independence, and on the whole we are inclined to agree with him. If we apply this test to the supreme trial of the great scholar's life, his attitude towards the Lutheran reform is more easily explained on this theory than on any other. He desired above all else to keep himself from entanglements. All his life he refused to identify himself with any organization, even with any country. As he was a citizen of the world, equally at home—or rather equally not at home—in England, France, Switzerland, or Holland, so he would not commit himself to any party. His restless genius would not keep him contented in any one place, nor would it allow him to rest happy in any one set of ideas. All parties wanted him, and it precisely suited the independence as well as the vanity of the scholar to keep himself wanted by all parties.

This thread is maintained by Mr. Froude with admirable clearness and consistency. His treatment of the letters tends towards this result. Such portions of them have been selected as would bear on his main line of thought, and the translation has been skilfully managed; it is seldom an actual translation, but rather a free version in highly idiomatic English. As regards Mr. Froude's second proposition, that one best studies an age through the eyes of one independent man of letters, that is perhaps less true than he would have us believe. Certainly in Erasmus's case the very complicated politics of his times gets little attention from him excepting as it bears upon his personal affairs. He was as little a politician as he was an organizer of reform.

One would have fancied that an academic audience would have been glad to hear something of the great mass of literature which has gathered about the name of Erasmus—the editions, the commentaries, the biographies; but of all this not a word. Such an accompaniment would ill suit with the tone of cheerful entertainment which runs through these pages. Entertaining they are; and if, as we believe, the general impression of the character and position of a great man here given is the true one, we may, as general readers, be content.

Essays in Historical Chemistry. By T. E. Thorpe, Professor of Chemistry in the Royal College of Science, South Kensington. Macmillan & Co. 1894.

IN this volume Prof. Thorpe has collected ten addresses and lectures which he has delivered at various times, and to audiences of very different type, during the past eighteen or twenty years, and three articles which have appeared in as many different periodicals. Making no pretension to be a history of chemistry, even during the period covered by its narratives, the book presents a series of biographical sketches which are "put together with the object of showing how the labors of some of the greatest masters of chemical science have contributed to its development." The essays are arranged in historical sequence, beginning with a lecture on Robert Boyle, continuing with sketches of Priestley, Scheele, Cavendish, Lavoisier, Faraday, Graham, Wöhler, Dumas, Kopp, and Mendeleeff, and concluding with an address on the "Rise and Development of Synthetical Chemistry."

The great variety of occasion for which these essays were originally prepared has left its mark upon them; the discussion of details of chemical accomplishment which forms the principal part of the longer essays on Graham and Kopp being in striking contrast with the more popular treatment which renders most of the others so readable. The chemist will not quarrel with the essayist on this account, however, but will rather be grateful to him for so full and adequate a summary of the labors of these eminent investigators. In reading these admirable and scholarly essays one is unavoidably impressed with their resemblance, in ease and clearness, to the felicitous biographical sketches which Hofmann gave us from time to time as memorials of the scientific worthies of the Continent. Prof. Thorpe has in most instances well preserved the human interest in his treatment. The men appear not merely as chemists and investigators, but also as citizens of the world. The estimate of their work is, on the whole, discriminating and just.

In the "Honorable Robert Boyle, seventh son of the Great Earl of Cork," born in 1626, the year of Bacon's death, the "sceptical, inquiring, reforming spirit" of the age found its expression in the domain of natural science. Under the title of the 'Sceptical Chymist: or Chemico-Physical Doubts and Paradoxes touching the Experiments, whereby vulgar Spagyrists are wont to endeavour to evince their Salt, Sulphur, and Mercury to be the true Principles of Things,' Boyle published anonymously in 1661 a book which attracted immediate and eager attention not only in England, but on the Continent, where no less than ten Latin editions of it appeared. "In its revolt against mere authority, in its disdain of old-world notions, and in its ill-concealed contempt for the schoolmen, it so exactly caught and expressed the spirit of the time that it instantly arrested the attention of the learned world, and . . . of that infinitely larger public of thinking men who felt a growing impatience of the dogmas of the schools." Boyle, with his disciples Hooke and Mayow, founded the first school of scientific chemistry, and was a member of the so-called "Invisible College, an assembly of learned and curious gentlemen who applied themselves to the study of experimental science," out of which grew the Royal Society of London, incorporated by Charles II. in 1663. "The growth of the new philosophy excited the jealousy and anger of those who affected to see in the ascendancy of the Baconian method the subversion of everything that was orderly and of good repute. . . . Bishops anathematised; Hobbes . . . thundered; Butler lampooned." But in spite of rough usage the Society continued to grow and prosper, and science even became fashionable.

Prof. Thorpe closes his summary of the 'Sceptical Chymist' by saying: "I have pur-

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posely quoted very largely from it, for I wished to show you, in Boyle's own words, how wonderfully near much of the philosophy of the seventeenth century is to that which we are too apt to regard as the outcome of the nineteenth. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of Boyle's labors. . . . The work exhibits in an eminent degree Boyle's character as an investigator," his strength and his weakness. "But to say that Boyle is only inferior to Bacon and Newton is to assign him one of the first niches in the Walhalla of the heroes of science." "The 'Sceptical Chymist' sealed the fate of the doctrine of the *tria prima*, and before the close of the century the Paracelsians were as much out of date as a Phlogistian would be to-day."

Priestley, theologian and chemist, the "Father of Pneumatic Chemistry," the keen and forcible controversialist, is a notable figure in the history of chemistry. Indefatigable and successful in his experimental work, he failed to see the important bearing of his chief discovery.

"The discovery of oxygen was the deathblow to Phlogiston. Here was the thing which had been groped for for years and which many men had even stumbled over in the searching, but had never grasped."

"The knowledge which Priestley . . . imparted to the French chemists was used by them with crushing effect against his favorite theory. . . . Priestley, however, never surrendered. . . . When age compelled him to leave his laboratory, he continued to serve the old cause in his study, and almost his last publication was his 'Doctrine of Phlogiston Established.' His own life, indeed, affords an exemplification of the truth of his own words, that 'we may take a maxim so strongly for granted that the plainest evidence of sense will not entirely change, and often hardly modify, our persuations; the more ingenious a man is, the more effectually he is entangled in his errors, his ingenuity only helping him to deceive himself by evading the force of truth.'"

"That he was content to rest in the faith of Stahl's great generalization . . . is the more remarkable when we recall the absolute sincerity of the man, his extraordinary receptivity, and, as he says of himself, his proneness 'to embrace what is generally called the heterodox side of almost every question.'"

Of Scheele, Prof. Thorpe says:

"An obscure apothecary, living . . . in a small town on the shore of a Scandinavian lake, hampered by poverty and harassed by debt, hypochondriacal, and, at times, the victim of the most depressing melancholy, he yet succeeded, by the sheer force of his genius as an experimentalist, and under the influence of a passion which defied difficulty and triumphed over despair, in changing the entire aspect of a science. No man ever served chemistry . . . with more interested devotion than Scheele. 'Diese edel Wissenschaft,' he wrote to his friend Gahn, 'ist mein Auge.' . . . When every legitimate deduction has been made, Scheele's work . . . stamps him as the greatest chemical discoverer of his age."

"Cavendish, a scion of a great house, was cold, retiring, reticent, passively selfish, a confirmed misogynist, a hater of noise and bustle. It was said of him that he probably uttered fewer words in the course of his fourscore years than any man who ever lived so long—not even excepting the monks of La Trappe. . . . Mr. Cavendish rarely did violence to his love of solitude by asking any one to his house. If a friend chanced to dine with him, he was invariably treated to a leg of mutton, and nothing else. We are told that on one occasion, three or four guests being expected, he was asked what was to be got for dinner. He replied with the customary formula, 'A leg of mutton.' 'But,' said the servant, 'that will not be enough for five.' 'Then get two legs,' was his answer."

These few extracts will serve to show something of the quality of these essays, which many besides chemists will find very interesting and enjoyable reading.

Chinese Characteristics. By Arthur H. Smith. Fleming H. Revell Co.

ABOUT four years ago this book was published at Shanghai and was widely read throughout the English-speaking part of the world east of the Ganges. A few copies reached the United States, one of which we read; and, probably like all other present or former residents of the Far East, we were struck with the singular penetration, learning, and sympathy of the author. The book was generally accepted by students in the Far East as not only one of the ablest analyses and portrayals of the Chinese character, but on the whole one of the most truthful and judicial. In its first dress it was cheaply published, but now, in its second edition, not only has it been revised and enriched with illustrations, but it exhibits a handsome, wide-margined page, with good print and binding, and a well-made index, thus becoming worthy of a high place of honor in the Chinese library.

Twenty-two years' residence among the people, with command of their language, has enabled Mr. Smith to see the Chinese as they are. While pitilessly telling the truth, there is nothing of the cynic about him. On the contrary, every page shows the author's kindness of heart and willingness to set forth the facts in both the light and the shade. Even in treating as he does with philosophical power of the religions of China, he shows how great these conservative forces are in holding Chinese society together and in keeping up a fair standard of morals. He points out the entire freedom of the Chinese classical works from anything which could debase the minds of the readers. There is not a single sentence in the whole of the sacred books and their annotations that may not be read aloud in any Christian family. He quotes with approval Dr. Legge's remark that "on the last three of the four things which Confucius delighted to teach —letters, ethics, devotion of soul, and truthfulness—his utterances are in harmony both with the law and the Gospel."

Mr. Smith opens his discussions by treating of the Chinese "face," which term not only refers to the physiognomy, but is a compound noun of multitude with more meanings than the foreigner is able to describe or comprehend. The Chinese have a strongly dramatic instinct, and the theatre may be almost said to be the only national amusement. Upon very slight provocation any Chinese regards himself in the light of an actor in a drama. The Chinese does not care much about losing his life, but he does like to save his face—that is, the appearance of things; and it may be he will give his face in exchange for his soul. A Chinese district magistrate was allowed to be beheaded in his robes of office, because, though caring little for his head, he was thus able to save his face.

Chapters on the amazingly minute economy and unintermitting industry of the Chinese follow. In the matter of politeness in daily intercourse the vast populations of the Chinese Empire are our superiors, as the most bigoted critic of the Chinese is forced to admit. Nevertheless, this excellence is not purchased without loss. The Chinese have an amazing disregard of time and of accuracy, and withal a positive talent for misunderstanding and for indirection—the latter often exhibiting itself in various literary methods which show an almost incredible amount of pedantry. Indeed, one may almost declare that the underlying causes of the present war between Japan and China have arisen as much out of peccadilloes of pen, ink, and paper as from overt acts, diplomatic or military. The Chinaman is intellectually turbid. There seems to be in him, comparatively, an absence of nerves, and the author, after giving many amusing and striking illustrations of this characteristic, asks: "Which is the best adapted to survive the struggles of the twentieth century, the 'nervous' European, or the tireless, all-pervading, and phlegmatic Chinese?" The author discusses the contempt of the Chinamen for foreigners, and that absence of public spirit which seems so astonishing, and which may yet cause them the loss of their nationality. Yet in this matter it is possible that the Chinese have, with their multiplication, degenerated. The Book of Odes, one of the most ancient of their classics, contains this prayer uttered by the husbandman: "May it rain first on our public fields and afterwards extend to our private ones."

Though almost totally indifferent to comfort and convenience, the Chinese are patient and persevering, and have a physical vitality which, in both the individual and the mass, is one of the wonders of the world. The people are content and cheerful, preëminent in filial piety, and markedly benevolent after a fashion, but have little or no sympathy with individual suffering. Social typhoons occasionally arise, which keep society from utter stagnation; but, though the social machinery often creaks and sometimes under extreme pressure bends, it seldom actually breaks beneath the strain; for, as the author says, "the Chinese body politic is provided with little sacs of lubricating fluid, distilled, a drop at a time, exactly when and where they are most needed." Most of the Chinese quarrels are reviling matches, in which low language and high words are the chief features. With mutual responsibility and respect for law there is also mutual suspicion, and sincerity is usually conspicuous by its absence. The author closes his highly informing and suggestive book with a chapter on the real condition of China and her present needs: "The manifold needs of China we find, then, to be a single imperative need. It will be met permanently, completely, only by Christian civilization."

Diary of Anna Green Winslow, a Boston School-Girl of 1771. Edited by Alice Morse Earle. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894. 12mo, pp. 121.

THIS entertaining little book is the journal of a little girl who could not have been over eleven years old at the date of the earliest entries. She was the daughter of Joseph and Anna (Green) Winslow of Boston, and her father had been Commissary-General of the British forces in Nova Scotia. His little daughter had been sent to Boston for her education, in charge of relatives, and this Diary was written for the information of the home circle. It begins and ends abruptly, but the zeal of the very competent editor, Mrs. Earle, has supplemented the text with many entertaining notes. It is the family tradition that Anna died of consumption at Marshfield in 1779, aged less than twenty years. Her portrait remains, and an engraving of it is here given.

This is not a book for quotation: the events recorded are such as would interest a bright child and her loving relatives. But it is well worth careful perusal as an involuntary revelation of life in Boston a century ago, and especially as showing the course and tendency of domestic life. It is a valuable addition to the library of authorities from which the future

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Macaulay will prepare his picture of colonial days. That library now numbers less than a dozen of such diaries, but we may well hope that every publication of a family manuscript will encourage another.

Witnesses to the Unseen, and Other Essays. By Wilfred Ward, author of 'William George Ward and the Oxford Movement,' 'William George Ward and the Catholic Revival.' Macmillan & Co.

MR. WARD makes a needless concession to the "indolent reviewers" in an introduction in which he explains the purpose of each one of the six essays in this collection. The interest and value of his books on his father's part in the "Oxford Movement" and the "Catholic Revival" establish his right to our attention as often as he chooses to address us. He inherits a good deal of his father's dialectical ability. Students of the modern Roman Catholic mind in its most subtle manifestations would do well to consider him. Prominent as was his father in that "insolent faction," as Newman called it, which was eager for the definition of papal infallibility, he has for the Cardinal the warmest admiration, and in two of these essays makes him the special subject of treatment, and prominent in a third, while in another, "The Wish to Believe," we have the expression of a mind which has nourished itself on Newman's 'Grammar of Assent.' The principal object of that fascinating work was to show how credibility might be converted into plausibility and plausibility into certainty in theological matters. Here we have a similar process—the endeavor to justify "the wish to believe" as a factor in the production of a rational belief. Unquestionably the wish to obtain some rational and bracing view of universal relations is legitimate; it is the inspiration of the most serious studies. But the wish to believe in any particular theological nostrum is not a circumstance favorable to the discovery of the truth concerning it.

In the first essay, the "Witnesses to the Unseen" are Kant and Newman and Tennyson; for have we not Kant's "Practical Reason" in spite of his "Critical," and Newman's conviction that "a thousand difficulties do not make one doubt," and Tennyson's "Voice within the breast" triumphant over "the reason's colder part"? Now, Heine's account of Kant's conjuring of God and Immortality with the Categorical Imperative—"old Lampe must have a God"—hints at a very general impression of the sentimental aspect of his doctrine of the Practical Reason. Mr. Ward thinks that Huxley, when he said he could compile a primer of infidelity from Newman's writings, paid an unconscious tribute to their worth. But what Huxley had in mind was not the scepticism which Newman endeavored to refute, but that which is inherent in the substance of his own thought and feeling. As for Tennyson's emotional reactions from the visions of his pessimistic fancy, they will be of little service to those who are seeking some rational escape from rational difficulties. "The Clothes of Religion" pokes some admirable fun at Spencer's "Infinite and Eternal Energy" and Harrison's "Religion of Humanity"; but what would become of Mr. Ward if Mr. Harrison should bring his caustic wit to bear on his position? The paper "New Wine in Old Bottles" has a very special interest at the present time in view of the Pope's recent letter on the subject of Biblical Interpretation. We are told how much better the Roman Catholics would have managed with a book like 'Lux Mundi':

"A Catholic book on similar lines would be necessarily tentative, and would be liable to many hierarchical grades of revision and reconsideration. It might be condemned as dangerous or inopportune, yet much of it might be ultimately adopted as true. It might be approved by an ecclesiastical superior (as in a recent case in France) and then censured by a more authoritative tribunal. And yet such a double fact need not prevent much of the substance of the book from being finally declared consistent with Catholic doctrine."

Certainly not—when it should become evident that the Church was kicking against the pricks. Soon or late we shall probably have the whole body of modern science approved by the infallible Pope. But Peter's cock-crowing will not have hastened the rising of the sun, nor will it be necessary to apprise us that the sun is up. The Pope's recent letter simply gives Roman Catholic scholarship to understand that it is expected to bring the Bible and the dogma of the Church into perfect harmony, and it knew that well enough already. Infallibility is very much like Dr. Holmes's "Katydid"—

"It says an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way."

The essay on "Some Aspects of Newman's Influence" has a personal and human touch that makes it the best one of the set. That reviewing Dr. Edwin Abbott's 'Philomythus' should have included his 'Cardinal Newman's Anglican Career' in its attack. If this had meant a harder battle, the victory would have been better worth the fight. The general impression left by Mr. Ward's book is that he is in the same boat with the rest of us; that, for all the authority of Rome, her ultimate appeal is to right reason. We have advanced somewhat when the Romanist says, "Come and let us reason together." It is not long since Cardinal Manning told us that to seek rational confirmation of authoritative truth is to take the highroad to infidelity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arnold, Sir E. The Light of Asia. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents.
Arnold, Sir E. Wandering Words. Longmans, Green, & Co. $5.
Atkinson, Rev. J. C. Memorials of Old Whitby. Macmillan. $2.50.
Banks, Rev. L. A. The Honeycombs of Life. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $2.
Baring-Gould, S. Kitty Alone. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Barnett, Samuel and Henrietta. Practicable Socialism. 2d ed. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Battershall, F. Mists: A Novel. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Bates, Fanny B. Between the Lights: Thoughts for the Quiet Hour. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.25.
Bishop, Mrs. Isabella B. Among the Tibetans. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.
Bonar, J. Catalogue of the Library of Adam Smith. Macmillan. $2 25.
Bradford, A. H. The Sistine Madonna: A Christmas Meditation. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 35 cents.
Brown, Anna R. The Victory of Our Faith. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Bruce, Rev. A. B. St. Paul's Conception of Christianity. Scribners. $2.
Brush, Mary E. Q. Sarah Dakota. Hunt & Eaton. $1.
Bulley, Miss A. A., and Whitley, Miss M. Women's Work. London: Methuen & Co.
Champernowne, H. The Boss: An Essay on the Art of Governing American Cities. George H. Richmond & Co.
Champney, Elizabeth W. Witch Winnie at Shinnecock. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Child, T. Wimples and Crisping-Pins: Studies in the Coiffure and Ornaments of Women. Harpers. $2.
Clark, R. Golf: A Royal Ancient Game. Macmillan. $3.50.
Clifford, Mrs. W. K. A Flash of Summer. Appletons.
Crawford, F. M. Love in Idleness: A Tale of Bar Harbor. Macmillan. $2.
Daudet, A. Tartarin on the Alps. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents.
Davenport, Frances G. Classified List of Printed Original Materials for English Manorial and Agrarian History. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75 cents.
De Chanal, Gen. The American Army in the War of Secession. Leavenworth, Kans.: Geo. A. Spooner.
Dessar, Dr. L. A. Home Treatment for Catarrh and Colds. Home Series Publishing Co.
Fenn, G. M. First in the Field: A Story of New South Wales. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Foss, S. W. Back Country Poems. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Foster, Mary J. C. The Kindergarten of the Church. Hunt & Eaton. $1.
Freer, Dr. P. C. Descriptive Inorganic General Chemistry. Revised ed. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Gould, N. Harry Dale's Jockey. Geo. Routledge & Sons. 50 cents.
Guiney, Louise I. A Little English Gallery. Harpers. $1.
Hamilton, Prof. D. J. Text-book of Pathology. Systematic and Practical. 2 vols. Macmillan. $10.
Harland, Marion. The Royal Road; or, Taking Him at His Word. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.50.
Hempl, Prof. G. Chaucer's Pronunciation and the Spelling of the Ellesmere MS. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Herbert, A. Windfall and Waterdrift. Putnams. 75 cents.
Heyse, P. At the Ghost Hour. 4 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
Hinton, R. J. John Brown and his Men. Funk & Wagnalls.
Hodder, E. John MacGregor ("Rob Roy"). London: Hodder Bros.
Holley, Marietta. Samantha among the Colored Folks. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Holmes, Dr. O. W. The Last Leaf: A Poem. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hopkins, Prof. W. J. Preparatory Physics. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Irving, W. The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. (Van Tassel Edition.) Putnams. $6.
Jacobs, J. Studies in Biblical Archæology. Macmillan. $1.
Johnson, C. The Farmer's Boy. Appletons. $2.50.
Keith, Alyn Y. A Hilltop Summer. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Kelley, J. P. The Law of Service: A Study in Christian Altruism. Putnams. $1.
Kiersted, W. Prevailing Theories and Practices relating to Sewage Disposal. John Wiley & Sons. $1.25.
Kingsley, H. Austin Elliott. Scribners. $1.
Lano, Pierre de. The Empress Eugénie. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Lang, Andrew. The Yellow Fairy Book. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Larned, J. N. History for Ready Reference. Vol. III. Greece to Nibelungen Lied. Springfield, Mass.: C. A. Nichols Co.
Leighton, R. Olaf the Glorious. Scribners. $1.50.
Liddon, Rev. H. P. Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey. Vol. III. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.50.
Littell's Living Age. Vol. 202. Boston: Littell & Co.
Lubbock, Sir J. The Use of Life. Macmillan. $1.25.
Mabie, H. W. My Study Fire. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Mack, Anna E. Because I Love You: Poems of Love. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Masson, Frederic. Napoleon, Lover and Husband. Merriam Co. $2.
McCarthy, Justin. History of Our Own Times. 2 vols. New ed. Lovell, Coryell & Co.
McLean, Alison. Quiet Stories from an Old Woman's Garden. F. Warne & Co. $1.25.
Meissner, C. Latin Phrase-Book. Macmillan. $1.10.
Merriman, Effie W. Mollie Miller. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Miller, Emily H. Home Talks about the Word. Hunt & Eaton. $1.
Murray-Aaron, Dr. E. The Butterfly Hunters in the Caribbees. Scribners. $2.
Old English Songs from Various Sources. Illustrated. Macmillan. $2.
Oliphant, Mrs. House in Bloomsbury. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Pailleron, E. Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
Palmer, L. Where Honor Leads. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Patterson, J. The Medea of Euripides translated into English Verse. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co. $1.00.
Peckham, Mary C. Windfalls, and Other Poems. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.
Raymond, Rev. B. P. Christianity and the Christ. Hunt & Eaton. 85 cents.
Rhys, Ernest. A London Rose, and Other Rhymes. London: Mathews & Lane: New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Riley, J. W. Armazindy. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co. $1.25.
Roberts, C. G. D. The Raid from Beausêjour. Hunt & Eaton. $1.
Robertson, J. L. History of English Literature for Secondary Schools. Harpers. $1.25.
Sala, G. A. London up to Date. Macmillan. $1.25.
Schmidt, E. Vorgeschichte Nordamerikas im Gebiet der Vereinigten Staaten. Brunswick: F. Vieweg; New York: B. Westermann & Co.
Smith, Benjamin E. The Century Cyclopedia of Names. The Century Co. $15.
Stables, Dr. G. To Greenland and the Pole. Scribners. $1.50.
Stevens, B. F. Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives relating to America, 1773—1783. Vol. XXI. London; B. F. Stevens.
Stratmeyer, Edward. Richard Dare's Venture. The Merriam Co.
Stretton, Hesba. Half Brothers. Cassell. 50 cents.
Stretton, Hesba. The Highway of Sorrow. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Strong, G. S. Early Landmarks of Syracuse. Syracuse, N. Y.: *Times* Publishing Co.
Strutt, J. W. The Theory of Sound. 2d ed., revised. Vol. I. Macmillan. $4.
Sunday Reading for the Young. E. & J. B. Young & Co. $1.25.
Taber, C. A. M. The Cause of Warm and Frigid Periods. Boston: G. H. Ellis.
The Second Book of the Rhymers' Club. London: Mathews & Lane; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
The Woman's Book: Dealing Practically with the Modern Conditions of Home-Life, Self-Support, Education, Opportunities, and Every-Day Problems. 2 vols. Scribners.
Thomas, Miss Edith M. In Sunshine Land. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Une Mère: Conte de Hans Christian Andersen en 22 langues. St. Petersburg: S. M. Nicolaieff; London: Th. Wohlleben.
Verne, J. The Castle of the Carpathians. The Merriam Co.
Verne, J. The Special Correspondent. Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Walpole, H. Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Third. 4 vols. London: Laurence & Bullen; New York: Putnams. $18.
Warden, Gertrude. The Secret of a Letter. International News Co. 50 cents.
Woods, Margaret L. The Vagabonds. Macmillan. $1.50.
Wundt, Prof. W. Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $4.
Yeats, W. B. The Land of Heart's Desire: Poetry. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

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